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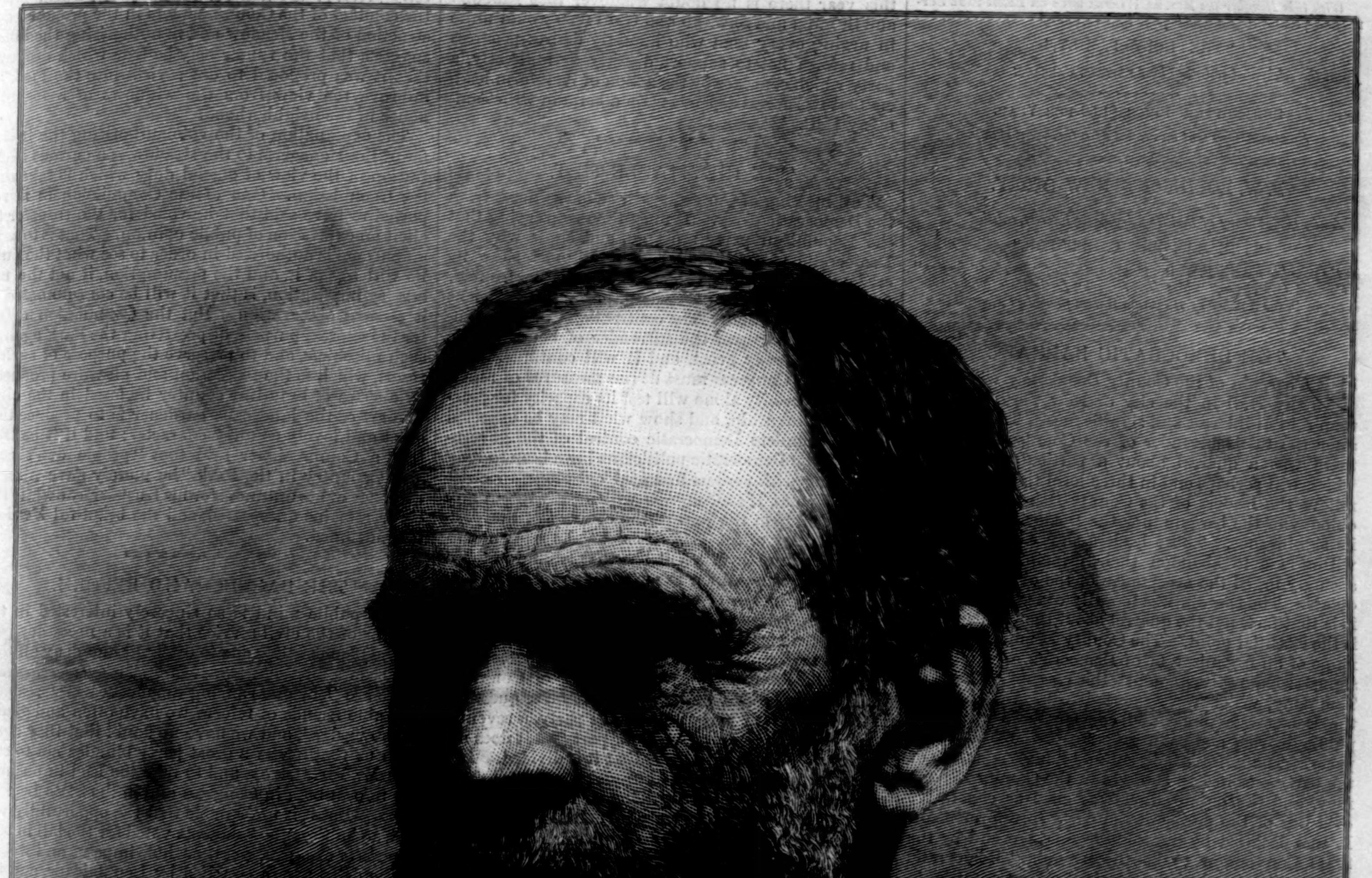

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, U.S.A.—From a Photograph by Mora.—[See Page 694.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 3, 1883.

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THE DEMOCRATIC BARGAIN.

The bargain of the County Democracy with Tammany Hall in the city of New York has more than a local interest and significance. The fact that after the total surrender of the County Democracy there was a quarrel about a particular candidate which will perhaps end in three local tickets does not relieve the leaders of the County Democracy of the obloquy of the bargain, nor the Democratic party of its significance. Those leaders showed their entire willingness to abandon their principles, and they strongly urged the acceptance of the obnoxious candidate. The bargain was morally consummated, and it is that fact, not the quarrel about the terms, which is the essential point. The County Democracy is the name of an organization of Democrats expressly designed as a protest against the corrupt politics of Tammany, which were asserted to be a disgrace to the Democratic name, and constantly to challenge public distrust and condemnation of the Democratic party. The more intelligent and honest members of the party enrolled themselves in the County Democracy, and the organization was cited as conclusive evidence of the power of the party to reform itself. It was declared by the State Committee and by the State Convention to be the "regular" Democratic organization, and the utmost effort was made to produce the impression that the Democratic party of New York was bent upon reform, and repudiated Tammany Hall. Tammany Hall, however, laughed and said that it controlled party success absolutely, and that the party should succeed only upon the terms that Tammany Hall chose to prescribe. This, of course, would make the political morals and methods of Tammany those of the Democratic party, and to support the Democratic party would be to support Tammany Hall.

Yet, after all the fine protest of the County Democracy, it ended by making a bargain with Tammany to secure the spoils of patronage in the city. Its purpose was betrayed and abandoned, and morally it has ceased to exist. But while it forswears all its principles and purposes, and practically confesses that the Democratic party is merely a vast conspiracy for political plunder, as Charles Francis Adams said that a generation ago it was a conspiracy against human rights, it turns upon the Republican party with a cry of rascal, and exhorts the country to reform by bringing the Democratic party into power. Now the Republican party may be responsible for many offenses during its long term of power, but if it is to be superseded by another party, sensible voters will inquire whether anything will be gained by the change. Change is often desirable if it does not produce a very much worse result. But voluntary change is folly, or even criminal, when it is tolerably sure to produce that result. There are Republicans in New York who have been justly angry with Republican offenses, and who are still inclined to be indifferent to the result this year at the polls. A good rebuke in the form of defeat will be serviceable, they think, for there are many things yet to be corrected. But they can not deny that a good rebuke was administered to the Republican party last year, and that, in response to it, much has been corrected, and that a disposition has been developed which will continue and is continuing the good work.

They will also admit that the bargain between Tammany and the County Democracy, consummated since the Ohio election, strips from the Democratic party all pretense of a reform purpose or spirit, and that Tammany Hall in New York and Butlerism in Massachusetts now represent the Democracy which is trying to obtain control of the national government. The Democratic party presents no general policy whatever upon which it asks the verdict of the people. Its sole plea is that it will reform. But its reform element, if it had one, was organized as the County Democracy in New York. That organization has totally renounced reform. Nobody, therefore, can vote directly or indirectly against Republican success in New York in the expectation that Republican defeat would open the way to beneficial change. It would undoubtedly make Republican success next year much more difficult, and Democratic success more probable. There have been years when a sound original Republican might well doubt what the counsel of the fathers of the party would have been. But this year there is no doubt whatever that Lincoln and Sumner and Seward and Garfield would unite in urging every man who honestly desires progress and reform not to support, directly or indirectly, a party which concedes by the action of its reform leaders that its success depends upon a bargain with Tammany Hall.

THE INEVITABLE TEST.

The meeting of Congress will strip the mask from the Democratic party. It must then stop crying that the Republican party must go, and show why the Democratic party should come. It must show its credentials and its capacity. It will be confronted, for instance, with the necessity of prompt and efficient financial legislation. The contraction of the currency, consequent upon the surrender of bonds by the banks, is already great, and it will continue. The Democratic Congress must devise measures of relief, and this necessity alone will test its capacity for practical statesmanship, and show what may be expected from a complete Democratic control of the government. The Democratic politicians have been so long coquetting with serious financial questions, in order to catch votes, that Congress will meet without any knowledge upon the part of the country of the position or policy of the majority upon the most important question with which it has to deal, and without any consciousness upon the part of the majority that it has any principle or policy upon the question whatever.

This is a result of the refusal of the Democratic party to take any position upon important issues. It will find another at the very opening of Congress, when the majority will encounter the tariff question. Is the Democratic party a free-trade party, a revenue-tariff party, or a protective-tariff party? It does not dare to say, because it knows that it is divided. In a general way, it is called a free-trade or revenue-reform party; but its State conventions this year generally declared for the encouragement of domestic industry—a phrase which was meant to be evasive and to conciliate protectionist support. In its caucus for Speaker it will probably select Mr. Randall, who is a protectionist; but his position, which is felt to be due to the emergencies of his residence in a strong protectionist State, fairly represents that of his party. It is an uncertain and doubtful position, and its apparent insincerity forbids any intelligent forecast of the probable action of the party.

Aid given to Democratic success in New York this autumn is therefore necessarily stimulating a leap in the dark. The business situation is at least grave, and the issue must depend largely upon wise legislative treatment of the currency by Congress. But there was certainly nothing in the Democratic course in the Forty-sixth Congress, or in its general conduct since the war, or in the tone of its more eminent leaders, with the exception of Mr. Bayard, Mr. Hewitt, and a few others, or in the general tone of its representative press, which shows that it will probably deal wisely with a very serious financial situation. Every voter is bound to take this fact into consideration before giving or withholding his vote in New York this year in a way to aid Democratic success next year. Let every voter wait until he can see what Democratic success means, and for that purpose let him await Democratic action in Congress.

CENTRAL PARK THREATENED.

The indignant and universal protest of the press against the proposed devastation of one of the loveliest parts of the Central Park, in New York, by the Park Commissioners themselves, has for the moment prevented the removal of the Menagerie to the Meadow. But the public must remember that the vote still stands which authorizes the outrage, and that should the expression of opposition be relaxed, the wrong would be accomplished. It is the great misfortune, not only of the city of New York, but of every part of the country, whose citizens, coming to the city, naturally seek its chief resort, that it is in the charge of those who, either from ignorance, or design, or weak good-nature, permit such tricks to be played with it as the proposed destruction of the Meadow or the erection of the huge hotel upon Mount St. Vincent.

The Mount, which is the highest point of the grounds, was freed by fire from the buildings which occupied it, and an admirable opportunity was offered for treating the site in the true spirit of a beautiful and rural pleasure-ground. While the space was laid out in pleasant walks and properly planted, such pretty and modest buildings might be erected as would answer for garden restaurants without interfering with the character of the grounds. But instead of pursuing the simple, tasteful, satisfactory, and obvious plan which the situation and the circumstances suggested, a great hotel of we know not how many stories is to be built, which will disfigure that part of the Park, and destroy so far the symmetry and impression of its general character and purpose. The few buildings and structures which are necessary and desirable in such grounds should be the work of artists who thoroughly comprehend and who will honestly preserve the general design of the Park. But the conduct of the Commissioners in the proposed destruction of the Meadow and in authorizing the hotel suggests that the rumor may be true which declares that it was proposed to cut a vista into the Park to improve the view from the windows of a friend's house in the neighborhood.

The explanation of the vote authorizing the transfer of the Menagerie to the Meadow is a curious illustration of the view of official duty which is taken in the Commission. One of the Commissioners is reported to have said that he voted for the transfer to elicit an expression of public opinion. That is to say, an outrage is authorized in order to see what the public will say of it, and the presumption, if not the necessary implication, is that it will be consummated if it escapes observation. But the Commission exists for the express purpose of protecting the Park against such mischiefs, and to preserve the purpose of such a resort, which is the recreation and pleasure produced by a space of beautiful country inclosed in the city. The art of the landscape gardener is to produce this quiet and lovely country character; and if it be true that a Commissioner said that "people don't care about country in the Park," he merely gave further evidence of his unfitness for his trust. Meanwhile the order remains unrepealed, and the beautiful Meadow is condemned.

THE PARTIES AND REFORM.

The public mind is so sincerely interested in the reform of the civil service that it is a necessary part of the Democratic game to discredit and deny all that has been achieved under Republican auspices. That there are Democrats among the most earnest, zealous, and able friends of reform we have often and gladly acknowledged, and we have no doubt that they agree with us that it was a great party blunder not to sustain Mr. Pendleton, and to take the lead in pushing the reform both in Congress and in the State Legislatures. But it is undeniable that the opportunity was lost, and although Democrats voted for the bill in both Houses of Congress, yet the whole impetus and weight of the debate were supplied by Republicans, and the only bitter and strenuous opposition came from Democrats.

It is equally undeniable that in Ohio the Democratic members of the Legislature last winter covered the project with ridicule, and that the larger and more aggressive wing of the party during the late canvass was hostile to Mr. Pendleton and cool toward Judge Hoadly because of their advocacy of reform, and that Mr. Groesbeck's speech was the sole good word from the Democratic side during the canvass. In the New York Legislature the Democratic reception of Mr. Pitts's resolutions at the opening of the session showed the same essential hostility; and although at the very last moment a good bill was passed, it could not be honestly called a Democratic measure, and we presume would be hardly claimed to be such even by the few Democrats in the Legislature who sincerely supported it. We do not assert, of course, that there were not Republican opponents and scoffers in the Legislature, but only that the bill represented a distinct and mature Republican conviction and demand, and that no such demand has appeared with any force in the Democratic party. Indeed, as the new State law does not go into operation until the 4th of January, we presume that the honest Democratic friends of reform would not be surprised, in the event of the election of the Democratic candidates, to see them make a clean sweep in their offices between the 1st and 4th of January.

The actual position of the Democratic party upon this subject, despite the vigorous and zealous support of some Democrats, and the contrast with the party attitude of the Republicans upon the question, is shown by the vague and evasive declarations of the State Democratic platforms of the year, by the open scorn and denunciation of Democratic orators, and by the undisguised contempt of the Democratic press either for the principle of reform, or for what they call Republican reform. But with all this affectation of contempt they can not show a single instance of Republican official betrayal of the rules that have been adopted. They have been administered in perfect good faith, and Democrats as well as Republicans have been appointed under them. In view of the public approval of the reformed system, it is a much more cunning trick to denounce the practical enforcement as a fraud. But as yet no Democrat, to our knowledge, has shown that examiners have been bribed, or that fear or favor has controlled the selection of the successful candidates. The reform is probably no more agreeable to the machine of one party than to that of the other. The difference is that one machine recognizes the reform sentiment of its party, and the other sees nothing that can be called a party sentiment upon the subject.

THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT.

There are two routes proposed for the new Croton Aqueduct, and the choice is a question of very great interest to the city. The Department of Public Works and their advisory board of engineers prefer the line parallel to the present aqueduct, along the western slope of the uplands toward the Hudson. The apparent reason of this preference is that it was the first line suggested to the board and approved by it. But there is strong objection to it upon very reasonable grounds.

The first is its proximity to the present aqueduct, which is very weak, and may be damaged by the blasting. The second is the necessity of three enormous structures of masonry to span valleys, and the cost of their maintenance and the risk of accident. The third is the necessity of the earliest possible use of the aqueduct by connecting it with the lake, without the delay consequent upon awaiting the completion of the proposed dam at Quaker Bridge. Should the river line be adopted, four miles of temporary flume must be built, at the cost of half a million of dollars. Lastly, the river line passes through the most expensive villa property in the country, and the land damages will be enormous, and the delays of baffling litigation incalculable. The only advantages of this line are two miles less length, some fifteen natural openings, which will save as many shafts in effecting headings for the tunnel, and probably less trouble from water. This last point, however, is of small moment, as pumps will have to be used to keep the work free upon any route.

The other route proposed for the aqueduct is that of a line from the lake requiring no flume to secure proper connection, and passing along the east side of the Sawmill Valley, through a farming country where the land is worth $200 an acre instead of $2000. It would be wholly a tunnel, and would encounter no opposition from land-owners, and it would have neither embankments nor culverts to maintain. The only objections are possibly that the line would be two miles longer, and that more shafts must be provided, and possibly more water encountered. The first cost, considering the difference of real estate damages and the flume, would probably not greatly exceed that of the river line. The subsequent cost would be largely in favor of the Sawmill Valley route. The question should not be hastily decided, and the manner in which it is decided will greatly affect public confidence in the general conduct of the Commission, unless the superior advantage of the river line should be clearly demonstrated.

"ONE GOD, ONE FARINELLI."

The admirable and exhaustive article in the November Harper's upon the new Metropolitan Opera-house will be read with great interest at this time, which sees the opening of the house, and an unprecedented concentration of operatic attraction in New York. No city is such a nest of operatic nightingales. The three or four chief living *prime donne* contest the palm here night after night, and the wild extravagance of this luxury was never more signally shown. "One God, one Farinelli," is the motto of the hour.

For every evening that she sings it is stated that Patti will receive five thousand dollars, Nilsson and Gerster are also munificently paid, and Scalchi, Campanini, and others are not beggared by their efforts. The prices that box-holders and seat-buyers must pay are obvious. The entertainment is a kind of frenzy in which fashion, ostentation, profusion, extravagance, and an artificial and factitious taste have the chief part, grouped about the Italian opera, which is played and sung not as in the incomparable days of Grisi, Mario, Persiani, Tamburini, and Lablache, but as well as it can now be sung.

The splendors and successes of the rival opening nights have been fully described in the daily papers. But in the brilliant contest, so far as it is musical, youth and freshness and the fullness of power and skill kindle the truest enthusiasm. It is a fatal moment when the terrible word "mature" is applied to a "lyrical artist," and when we read of another that he was wisely cautious under the new circumstances, and that he will undoubtedly presently, etc., etc. This is intolerable. All abatement and qualification merely announce that the idol is not quite what it was. Alas! it is not esteem which the votary wishes to feel, but rapture. The old habitué reads with a smile the veracious report which declares that each *diva* surpassed the other. But he knows the difference between a ripened charm of voice and an untouched bloom.

THE CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Elsewhere in this paper an article upon the political contest in Massachusetts presents the situation with an intelligence and clearness which will show to every reader its great significance. The interest of the election in that State is twofold. It lies first in the fact that it will determine whether the character which has so long placed Massachusetts among the first of intelligent and progressive communities has disappeared in the increase of more ignorant and alien elements; and second, whether the whole body of Democrats in the State, which includes men of the highest character and standing, will be led by sheer party spirit to accept Butlerism as Democracy.

Politically speaking, Butler is a mere soldier of fortune, and he is as well known to be such to hundreds of honest Democrats as to Republicans. The contest has been purely personal from the nature of the case, because Butler represents nothing but himself. He stands for no principle or policy whatever. His sole object, as Democrats do not deny, is his own aggrandizement, and his campaign in all its methods and pretenses shows the degradation of merely personal politics. Mr. Robinson is an able, experienced, conscientious, courageous man, an admirable representative of the "self-made," sturdy, and upright character which has given Massachusetts her peculiar distinction.—But let the reader turn to the article.

THE STATE SENATE.

One of the most important objects for New York Republicans in the election is to secure a State Senate which will maintain the advanced position of the party. Among such Senators would be Mr. McMillan, who has been nominated by the Republicans of the Erie district. In ability and character he would be a worthy successor of men like Senators Ganson, Carleton Sprague, and Sherman Rogers, and he is an admirable representative of the best Republican spirit and purpose. To men like Mr. McMillan the selection of a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Lapham might be intrusted in the most assured confidence that no steps backward would be taken.

THE NEW RAILWAY TIME.

The agreement of railway companies to use a common time is a very important movement. The companies represent about half of the railway mileage in the country, and their steadfast and successful adhesion to the new system will not only compel the acquiescence of other railways, but it will probably produce a general conformity of public time to the railway standard.

The new scheme establishes four standards of time, the seventy-fifth, ninetieth, one-hundred-and-fifth, and one-hundred-and-twentieth meridians, and the changes from one standard to another will be made at the end of roads or of divisions of roads. The greatest difference of true time from railway time at any point will be about half an hour. But the convenience of the change will be so great that it is quite certain to be generally adopted, and to become generally popular.

FREE WHISKEY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, who is evidently a "thoughtful observer," makes some significant comments upon the late result in that State. The conviction that if the prohibitory amendment were adopted a Democratic administration would practically nullify it concentrated the liquor support upon Hoadly. But there was no fear of its passage, he thinks, because a law which was passed twenty-five years ago, forbidding the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises, has never been, and in the present state of public opinion never will be, enforced.

There is danger that the Supreme Court will irreversibly veto the Scott law by declaring it unconstitutional. This would leave the liquor power triumphant, and reveal the deplorable nature of the Democratic victory. The writer, who is a strong Republican, but a personal friend of Judge Hoadly, points out that his success must be imbittered by the thought that it rejoices every low den of vice and degradation in the State, and that although Judge Hoadly advocated a license law, he knows that it is unconstitutional, and that "the conscience of Ohio refuses the moral sanction of law to the dram-shop." He begs the new Governor to gladden the heart of his old Republican associates by maintaining the Scott law.

The writer attributes the Republican defeat in Ohio primarily to the Republican reformers throughout the country. But this is the old error of attributing the civil war to the Abolitionists. It is true that if the Sons of Liberty had held their tongues, America might still be an English province. If the antislavery men had been silent, there might have been no civil war. So, if the sun had not risen, there might have been no day. Except for Republican reformers the Democrats would have carried the country three years ago, as they have carried Ohio now. *Nous verrons*, says the writer—we shall see. We certainly shall. But if the Republican ship should sink, it would not be the reformers who have scuttled her. It is not the thermometer that is responsible for the weather.

PERSONAL.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter just received in this city from Manchester, England. The writer, a young American merchant, says: "The funniest episode of my present trip to Europe was a nearly two hours' chat last night with Oscar Wilde. My cousin and I had been to hear him give his 'Impressions of America,' and just as I got back to the hotel he came in, and at once wanted to know what I was doing here. I replied that my last thing was listening to him, and I wanted to know whether he had been talking down to what he supposed to be the level of a Manchester audience, or whether he thought he could hoax them with that kind of stuff. He replied: 'Yes, I saw you there, and wondered what you were thinking. These people have very little imagination, and no doubt many of them will take all I said for the truth.' But he is wrong about most of them, I know. I asked him to come up into my room, and we sat sipping his favorite tipple, gin and seltzer, while he expanded in the most wonderful fashion. One of his flights was imagining an existence into which the New York *Herald* should never enter, and in which Lewis Morrison could not damn a play by not knowing how to embrace the heroine; in which no woman would pretend to be intellectual, or would wear unbecoming colors or man-milliner-made dresses, but where all the fair part of creation would devote themselves to the delectation of the exquisitely educated senses of an æsthetic race of men. It was very funny to me. I must say that I enjoyed it all very much."

—"And did the ladies leave when the cigars were brought on?" asked a Baltimore lady of a gentleman who was describing a dinner to which he had recently been invited. "No, madam," was the reply. "How nice!" responded his fair questioner.

—There is a cashier in a large publishing house in this city who for fifteen years has never once been known to leave his desk at luncheon-time. His privileges are the same as those of his associates in the building, but he does not care to lunch. He gets along without it. One of the sturdiest, ablest, and rotundest editors of the Metropolitan press has long indulged the habit of omitting the mid-day meal. He neither eats nor drinks between breakfast and dinner. Says he doesn't want to.

—A visitor to one of the oldest and best-preserved of English castles relates that while standing before a grand landscape in the picture-gallery, the cicerone, an intelligent woman, waved her little wand toward the canvas and exclaimed, "A famous painting by Sir Walter Rosa." The painter's name is usually spelled Salvator Rosa.

—Jules Verne is fond of yachting, but does not know how to fish. At fifty years of age he is fleshier than he was, and his hair and beard are almost white. In a blue pea-jacket and leather sou'wester he has all the appearance of a genuine sailor.

—A critic of Ouida's novels suggests that their art, vigorous and clever as it is, is not a desirable art to cultivate. "There is a vantage-ground for the author of fiction midway between the equatorial fervor of Ouida's romance and the arctic temperature of garden-party flirtation. The Genoese lover who shoots himself in the moonlight, while his false mistress jeers at him in the presence of his rival, may be a no more heroic personage than the crazy youth who, seeing his lady walk off with a soldier, scrawls on a paper, 'This is thy work, Penelope Ann,' and walks into a pond in the neighborhood."

—The Rev. Dr. Stanford, of Camberwell, England, says that heads of families should consider their young children as a charge from Heaven upon the parental authority, and should manage them so as not to crush liberty, but to train the child in the right use of all his faculties, and to rule him so that he may learn to rule himself. "Parents must give to the work of their calling much prayer, much costly time, and much trouble."

—It is pointed out that even were there a law to punish the Parisians for hissing a foreign sovereign, no jury could be got to apply it, and a prosecution would end in a ridiculous failure.

—An American physician recommends beefsteak and baked potatoes as perhaps the least harmful of the things that can be eaten at night, especially, he says, if the beef be underdone.

—Professor Ely's remarkable treatise on *French and German Socialism in Modern Times* will soon be published in London by Messrs. Trübner & Co. The attention it has received in this country is entirely commensurate with its great merits.

—The successful writer of books for boys is of all writers the surest to be kindly remembered by thousands who, though strangers, feel as friends. Such a writer was Captain Mayne Reid, whose thrilling narratives of adventures among Indians share the vitality and strength of personal experience. The captain was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland, and of late years had resided near London. His age was sixty-five.

—A distinguished physician of this city, whose habit is to smoke five or six cigars every evening, but none at all during the day, has long pursued the plan of not smoking during the month of October. His idea is, he says, to allow his system to recuperate thirty days annually. The effect of tobacco, in his case, is a slight acceleration of the movement of the heart. This acceleration becomes clearly defined by the end of every September, but ceases entirely at the beginning of November, after his period of abstinence, leaving him in good condition for another year's wrestle with the weed.

—Drivers of bob-tail cars at the foot of Christopher Street turn their cars around on the turn-table before the occupants have left them, and often just as they are in the act of leaving them. Many an unlucky passenger narrowly escapes a bad fall every day. The drivers of the bob-tail cars that discharge their fares at the Erie Railway depot in Jersey City wait for the passengers to leave the cars before turning the cars around. These latter drivers are human beings, and deserve well of their kind.

—The recent death of the French painter M. Cot led some of our contemporaries to say that the original of his well-known and popular picture "Le Printemps," or "Spring"—a pretty young blonde who sits beside her lover on a swing, and encircles his neck with her sun-warmed arms—is in the Stewart gallery. This is a mistake. The painting was bought by Mr. David C. Lyall a year ago last April at the John Wolfe sale, and is now the principal attraction of his large and fine collection in Brooklyn.

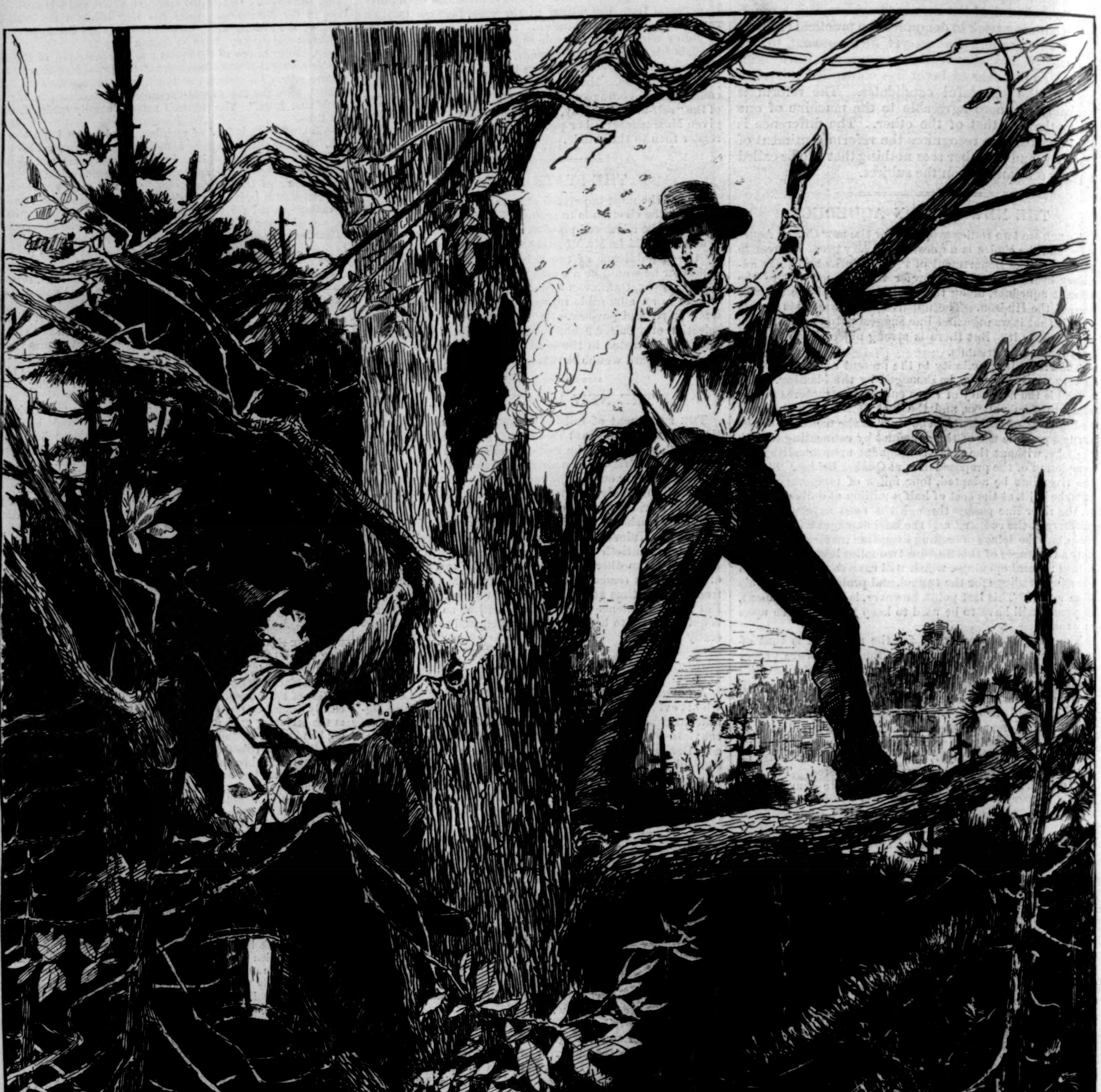
—The position of women in Burmese society is much less restricted than in most parts of India, and measures are now being taken to supply the girls' schools with certificated school-mistresses. The children of European descent, for whose education little has been done, are to receive attention also.

—It is to be hoped that American art is not to lose Mr. E. A. Abbey, whom the English artists seem disposed to consider a settled citizen of "Artistic London." He has been credited, by general consent, with having touched the high-water mark of black-and-white illustration, and though his work is usually given to the public through the Harper periodicals, the English art publications are willing to take all they can get from him at his own terms. He is now busy in working up the studies made in company with Mr. William Black at Stratford-on-Avon for the illustration of the latter's new serial, "Judith Shakespeare," and has recently finished a series of illustrations to Pope's ode "The Quiet Life," which will be one of the striking features of the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine. One of the pleasantest episodes of Mr. Abbey's career has been his close association, in work as well as in friendship, with his English comrade, Alfred Parsons, to whom his Herrick book is dedicated.

—The Cologne *Gazette* tells how it came to pass that King Alfonso became honorary Colonel of the Uhlans stationed at Strasburg. There were two regiments of Uhlans available, and the uniforms of both were submitted to the King, who preferred the one with yellow cuffs to that with white cuffs, and the one he preferred happened to be quartered at Strasburg.

—A man of letters was smoking and chatting with a physician on a Hudson River ferry-boat, when a stranger stepped up and asked for a light. "Let me give you a match," replied the man of letters, adding, after his petitioner had withdrawn: "I don't know how you feel about it, doctor, but, for my part, I very much dislike to put the end of my cigar back into my mouth after it has been fingered by Tom, Dick, or Harry. I always carry matches with me, and make it a point to offer one of them instead." "And quite right you are," said the doctor. "I believe that some of the worst diseases can be conveyed by one man to another through the contact of his fingers with a borrowed cigar. I personally know of a case where varioloid was transmitted by means of a two-dollar bill, and I firmly believe that varioloid and things much worse can pass from a man's fingers into a cigar, and thence into the smoker of it."

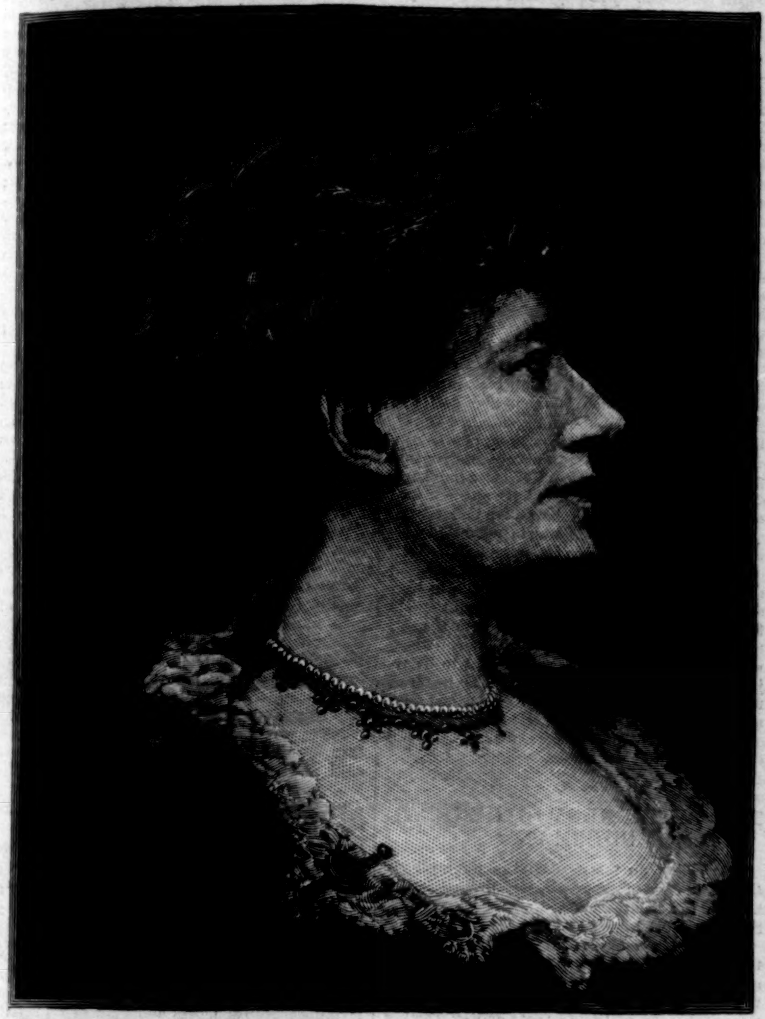
—The Essex County Hunt is an association of young gentlemen who live in Montclair, Newark, and Orange, New Jersey, and do business in New York city. Its active members ride periodically, behind a fine pack of fox-hounds and a real live fox, in the neighborhood of the Orange Mountain; its associate members amuse themselves periodically as the members of an ordinary club do; and its successful existence for the last nine years shows that New-Yorkers whose homes are in the country need not starve socially because their homes are so situated. The annual dues of active members are eighty dollars, and of associate members forty dollars. Some intelligent capitalists have offered to build a new and commodious club-house for the Hunt, the rent to be six per cent. on the capital, and the offer is about to be accepted. The prosperity of the institution is attributable mainly to the energy and executive ability of its secretary.



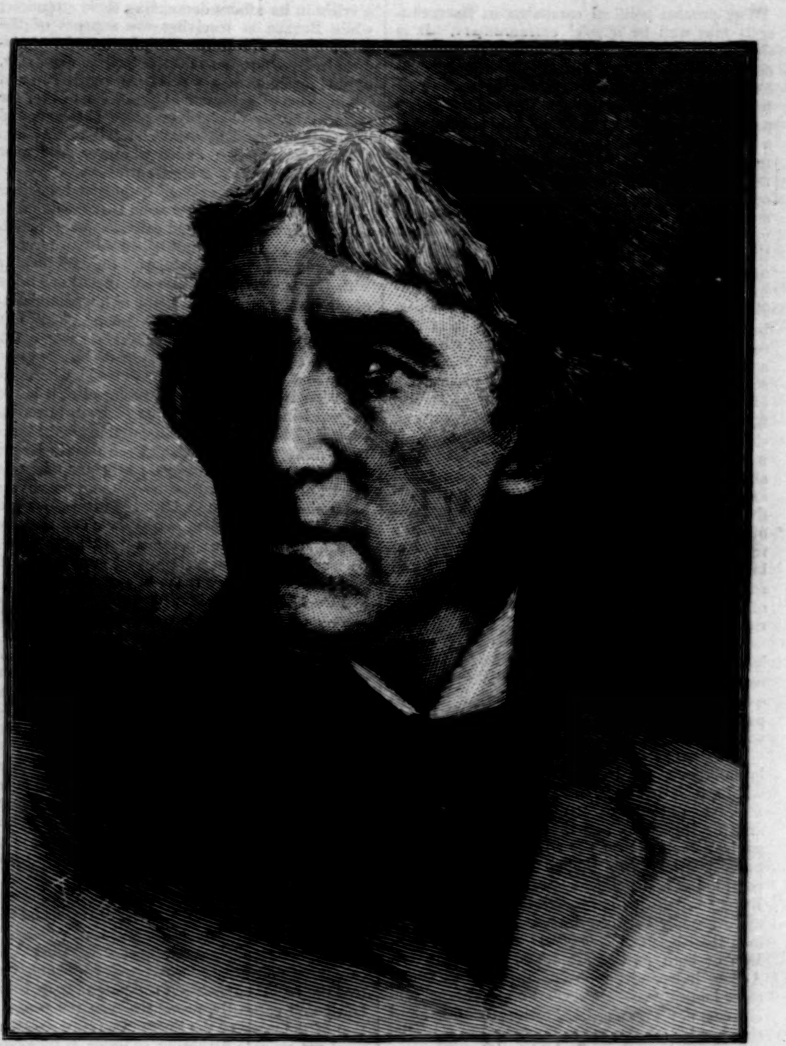
ROBBING A WILD-BEE HIVE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

BEE-HUNTING.

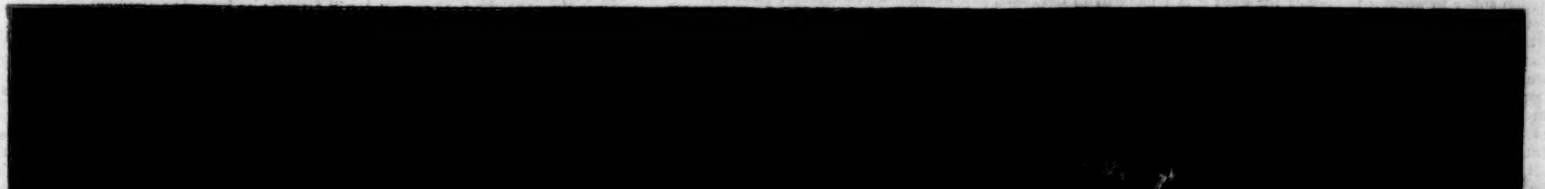
"BEE-HUNTING," writes an enthusiast, "is the poetry of sport." The rich warm days of September afford the best season for the sport, as then the bees are compelled to roam far and wide in search of food, as the honey-bearing flowers are nearly gone. The first thing in bee-hunting is to catch your bee. Practiced hunters capture the little forager in a box with a glass lid, in which a little bit of honey-comb is inclosed. After Mr. Bee has taken his fill, he is allowed to escape. He rises a few feet in the air, circles round two or three times, and then makes a bee-line home. If the tree in which the hive has taken up its abode is within half a mile, the bee usually returns in a short time, and brings with him two or three friends, to whom he has communicated the interesting fact that he has found a box of honey. In a short time a line of bees may be established. But in many instances a second line has to be established. A second base of operations is selected some distance from the first, another bee caught, dismissed, and traced. Then, where the two lines meet, the hunter may be sure the prize is not far distant. The inexperienced sportsman is troubled at first with the difficulty of tracing the little wanderer. In some countries the hunter attaches some white cottony substance to the bee, which makes it more conspicuous as well as slower in its flight. Some experts sprinkle the captive with flour, others with sulphur, before he is released from the trap to wing his homeward flight, and become an involuntary betrayer of his queen and the body-politic. The sulphur sprinkling is said to set the bees in a perfect uproar, so that they can be followed by ear as well as by eye. The tree in which the nest is located is usually an old one, with a top more or less decayed. To obtain the honey, the tree is in most instances felled, and then, if it is much decayed, the comb is badly broken and much of the honey wasted. The bees, at the first stroke of the axe, would pour forth, ready to make war on everything, unless due precautions are taken. The wisest plan, therefore, is to stop up all openings but one, and smoke the insects out; a puff of tobacco soon deadens them and renders them harmless. The honey-bee of the woods is the same as the honey-bee of the farm, and has arisen from swarms that have flown away from civilization. The rapidity with which they increase is almost incredible: one swarm has been known to produce twenty-two during a single season. In Texas they have been seen pouring out in streams as thick as a man's body. We have said the fall is the best time for hunting bees, as the hive is then full of honey, but bee trees are sometimes discovered in the bright days of early spring, while the ground is still covered with snow. The warmth of the sun attracts the bees out of their hiding-place, but they are blinded by the glare of the snow, and may be found lying on the ground near the entrance to their retreat. In the wooded and mountainous districts the number of wild swarms is very large. In the north they often perish before the spring, but in more genial regions multiply and flourish.



ELLEN TERRY.



HENRY IRVING.



HENRY IRVING IN "THE BELLS"—MATTHIAS AND THE MESMERIST.—Drawn by F. S. Walker.—[See Page 695.]

THE BAY STATE CAMPAIGN.

The present political campaign in Massachusetts may well be termed extraordinary. It is that in every sense of the word. The contest does not turn on well-defined local or national issues. Nor is it a struggle directly and solely between the parties as such, in which so-called party principles are concerned. It is primarily a personal contest over Governor Butler, the man who has disgraced his position and the State, rather than the representative of the party whose organization he has captured; and secondarily a struggle for the overthrow or retention of those vicious political methods and the worst phases of the spoils system which have fastened themselves upon the politics of the State, and are expressed in Massachusetts by the comprehensive term of Butlerism—akin to Grantism in national politics, but even more vicious and dangerous, as at present practiced by the politicians of the Butler stripe, than that vicious ism. That Massachusetts, presumed to be one of the most progressive of the States, a pioneer leader in the great and far-reaching movement for civil service reform, should have elevated to the Governorship this man of all men, whose political record is covered all over with stains, and who had for years stood as one of the most conspicuous representatives of the things to be reformed, is one of the marvels of the time. Various explanations of last year's remarkable election in Massachusetts are given, but none are satisfactory. It is a problem the solution of which perplexes even the most astute of Massachusetts observers, who differ widely in their conclusions.

Whatever may have been the causes which led to the uplifting of Butler last November, the result is sufficiently clear, and the uppermost question in the State now is not how it all happened, but how it can be most successfully remedied.

It so happens, as a result of Butler's course in embracing the Democracy and making it his willing tool, that the Democratic organization in the State, in the present contest, stands for him and for Butlerism, and that the Republican organization stands for the anti-Butlerites and for purer politics. But though the victory will be recorded as a Republican or a Democratic one, as Butler is defeated or elected, the lines are drawn more sharply between Butler and anti-Butler men than between Democrats and Republicans. Men of both parties are found on either side. Acting independently — some professedly and some honestly so—are several organizations, and citizens not organized. Among the organized side parties are the radical Temperance men, the irreconcilables, who, as Prohibitionists or nothing, stand out by themselves, at war with both the leading parties; the Labor-Reformers, so called, acting with the Greenbackers—the relics of a dead-and-buried issue, who keep up their organization solely to work it politically for what it is worth; the so-called "Butler Independents," a set of politicians with a few followers who formerly trained with the Republican party, but who are wedded to Butler and Butlerism largely because of past political favors received or of a lively anticipation of favors to come with Butler's further successes; and the true Independents, who represent a large body of Massachusetts men, whose numbers and strength can not be estimated, who believe in party as a means rather than an end, and whose political principles are so clearly defined that the most obtuse machine politician can readily and unmistakably comprehend them.

With the Independents, organized and unorganized, possibly lies the balance of power. Among them are the men who made the successful Independent canvasses in the Massachusetts Fifth and Seventh Congressional districts last year, resulting in the defeat of Messrs. Bowman and Candler, the regular Republican candidates, whose records as reformers did not come up to the required standard. These men are organized, and it was under their leadership that the recent conferences were held at which the principles of the Massachusetts Independents were defined, and their position taken on the Butler issue and the question of anti-Butler candidates. With them, unorganized, the most, if not all, of the pronounced civil service reformers, attached to the several civil service reform clubs of the State, are acting. They embrace the leading men in this State whose independence has long been recognized, and whose influence has been felt in the politics of the State; and in their ranks are hosts of young men, ardent and honest, men of sentiment and convictions, who are coming forward to take their part in the work of politics with reform and honest methods as their watchword. Of the other organizations, the Prohibitionists are expected to throw a handful of votes for their own ticket and more for Butler, withdrawing just so much from the anti-Butler ticket, for the Massachusetts Prohibitionists are recruited almost exclusively from the Republican ranks; and the support of the Greenback-Labor party and of the "Butler Independents" will go almost solidly for Butler, a remnant only of the former following the anti-Butler bolt led by E. Moody Boynton, the erratic Essex County Greenback leader, who has yearned for a seat in Congress, and who is now out with Butler largely because of the latter's forgetfulness of him and the Greenback party so soon as they had served his purpose, and he had concluded that he had no further use for them.

The present situation in Massachusetts, then, is this: Congressman Robinson, the head of the Republican ticket, represents the opponents of Butler and Butlerism, and is receiving the support of the entire Republican party, of the great body of the honest Independents and the sincere reformers, and of those among the weightiest classes in the community who are denominated progressive men, and who seldom—more's the pity!—interest themselves in the politics of the State, except when they believe that there is a crisis in its affairs demanding their attention; while Butler is receiving the support of the reckless and the ignorant classes, whose prejudices he loses no opportunity to foster and inflame, of the machine men wedded to Butlerism, and whose leaders are under obligations to him for political favors received or place obtained, and of the Democratic masses, who fall readily and obediently into line under whatever leader or whatever banner their bosses provide.

With the issues so clearly defined and the lines so sharply drawn, it would seem that the outcome of the earnest and spirited canvass now proceeding in the State could not be difficult to foretell. To people outside the State, with their familiarity with Governor Butler's record, their knowledge of the scandals and the tumults of his administration, and their respect for the general good judgment and intelligence of the Massachusetts people, it is surprising that there should be any question about it. But in the State itself, where the situation is more clearly comprehended, it is not so surprising. It is a party pretty firmly intrenched, and with an active machine well in hand, that is to be dislodged. Butler and the men in league with him, trained professional politicians, adepts in the art of political warfare, have been exceedingly industrious during the months of his administration. They have strengthened their organization throughout the State; political workers who have been appointed to office, large and small positions, State and city, not so much in payment for political work done as to be where they could do the most good for the further advancement of political schemes, have been busy "fixing things"; registration has been followed closely and systematically, and the voter-making mills have been running briskly; and the city of Boston, well under the Butler grip, has been Tammanyized to such an extent that to-day the Republican and anti-Butler leaders find themselves threatened with an election contest in which fraudulent methods of the kind familiar to the people of New York are to be practiced to swell the Butler majority. It has come to this in Massachusetts, that the result of a political campaign is to turn less on the square trial of issues than upon an honest ballot and a fair count.

The encouraging features of the situation are the character of the anti-Butler canvass, and the thoroughness with which the anti-Butler leaders are conducting their work, prosecuting the public campaign, and preparing to check fraud and protect the ballot-box. Their campaign began, brilliantly and earnestly, promptly upon the completion of the work of the Boston Convention—that most remarkable gathering, superior in *personnel* to any political convention held in the State since the war times—and it promises to be so conducted to the end. Its tone, too, has been high from the start, inviting at once the support of the best element in the State, and winning its confidence. Congressman Robinson, the head of the ticket, has proved himself to be one of the ablest and broadest of public men; and from the moment of his public acceptance of the nomination, which he did not seek, but which sought him, he has steadily grown in public favor, because of his manly bearing, his frankness and straightforwardness, the character of his public utterance, and the cleanness and strength of his record. He has been speaking nightly, sometimes twice a day, and his speeches have been most effective. He has met every issue brought into the canvass by the Butler party, disclosed the humbug and scandal of the Butler administration, and shown the utter worthlessness of the claim of the Governor that he has reformed abuses, checked extravagance, and exposed corruption. He has also displayed both the pluck and ability to meet the Governor on his own ground, and expose his demagogism as fast as he exhibits it. He is strong in an argument, quick at retort, and a match for Butler on the stump; but the contrast between them is sharp, for the former maintains the attitude of a gentleman, and does not descend to misrepresentation, personal abuse, vulgarity, and blackguardism to make his "points." With Robinson on the stump is an army of speakers, including the Senators and leading Congressmen, ex-Governors — none of whom make more effective speeches than ex-Governor (now Congressman-elect) Long, who, next to Robinson, is, of all the campaign speakers, in the greatest demand—the old leaders, veterans of many a closely fought campaign against the same evils which beset them now, and a brilliant array of younger men who are coming to the front and taking the leadership. At the head of the State Committee, Henry Cabot Lodge, as chairman, is doing effective service in directing the details of the canvass, and also performing his share of work on the stump; and volunteer committees of citizens in different sections of the State, and especially in Boston and the other cities where the Butler hold is the strongest, are aiding the regular organizations in many ways.

On the Butler side the chief work on the stump is doing by the Governor himself. He is supported mostly by the men he has appointed to office, or who are under obligations to him for past favors. Chief among these is the ex-Collector of the Port of Boston, William A. Simmons, a creation of Butler's, who now works for his chief within the Democratic ranks while holding a position under the Butler administration in the city of Boston. Another is Mayor Palmer, of Boston, also a former Republican, who left that organization and joined the Butler party because as a Republican he failed of appreciation, and was defeated in his ambition to become President of the State Senate. Of the old Democratic leaders only a handful are found in his wake, or at any rate willing to take the stump for him. Several are courageous enough to oppose him openly, but the most of them are content to stand aside, keeping as quiet as possible lest they be singled out for attack by their party's boss and his followers, while he forges ahead with their party machinery, of which they fondly hope to regain possession by-and-by when his grotesque race is run.

The Massachusetts contest is of national importance both because of the fight against bad political methods and the vicious spoils system which it involves, and of the attitude of Butler toward the Presidency. It is now virtually acknowledged that his campaign is but a preliminary canvass for a Presidential nomination of some sort. Ever since his inauguration as Governor he has addressed himself to the country at large. All his state papers—the most remarkable set of documents that has ever lumbered the State archives—have been directed to the great public beyond the borders of the State, and all his sensational performances have been before this large audience. He has used his position solely for his personal ends, and he has defamed the State to make political capital for his own use. His agents, too, have been abroad in other States, newspapers and organizations have been worked in his interest, and his campaign literature, conspicuous among which is the scandalous and filthy illustrated pamphlet on the so-called Tewksbury almshouse exposure, has been, and is still, circulated far and wide. In his appeals for support he points to the record of his administration here this year, claiming to have accomplished much in spite of a hostile Executive Council and an opposing Legislature. But, in point of fact, he has accomplished nothing but mischief.

This is the record upon which this arrogant demagogue pleads for further confidence in Massachusetts, and upon which he proposes to go to the country as a Presidential candidate if he is re-elected in November. Upon it alone, if there were no other consideration, he ought to be rejected by the people of his State. The result of the Massachusetts canvass will be awaited with much concern by the great body of citizens who are demanding purer politics, real reform, and the retirement of the bosses.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

In yielding up the command of the army on the 1st of November, preparatory to final retirement a few months hence, General William T. Sherman substantially closes his military career.

Such an event must recall to many of his countrymen the brilliant services of this eminent officer, and may perhaps also suggest the query whether these services were exaggerated in the war enthusiasm of twenty years ago, or whether they lose nothing even when viewed critically in the perspective of years. No doubt Sherman's soldiership was one of gradual growth, and there was a vast difference between the brigade commander who for the first time at Bull Run "saw cannon-balls kill men and crash through the trees," and the General who led his victorious armies through the Carolinas. Yet from the outset he showed soldierly insight and instincts, and took broad views of the art of war. It seems strange to recall that he was thought crazy because he told how many troops he needed in Kentucky, where he had charge of a department in the autumn of 1861. On many a battle-field Sherman's quick intelligence and inexhaustible energy retrieved the mistakes of others as well as his own. "To his individual efforts" General Grant generously ascribed whatever was saved from the first disastrous day at Shiloh, where the inexperience of officers, from highest to lowest, caused the onset upon the camps to prove so nearly fatal to the Union arms. To Sherman's part in the campaigns of 1862 and 1863, which unfettered the Mississippi, and left the great river to run rejoicing to the sea, Grant paid this tribute: "The siege of Vicksburg and last capture of Jackson, and dispersion of Johnston's army, entitle General Sherman to more credit than usually falls to the lot of one man to earn. His demonstration at Haines Bluff in April, to hold the enemy about Vicksburg while the army was securing a foot-hold east of the Mississippi; his rapid marches to join the army afterward; his management at Jackson, Mississippi, in the first attack; his almost unequalled march from Jackson to Bridgeport, and passage of Black River; his securing Walnut Hills on the 18th of May—attest his great merit as a soldier."

Nor do we believe that too much stress has been laid upon the service rendered by Sherman when, precisely twenty years ago, he moved from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, to succor Rosecrans there beleaguered, took part in the victory of Missionary Ridge, and thence hastened to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. It was soon after these events that Grant, on receiving his well-earned promotion to the revived grade of Lieutenant-General, with magnanimous impulse, wrote to his favorite subordinate: "I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you can not know as well as I." Yet, undoubtedly, the greatness of Sherman's soldiership only fully appeared when he was intrusted with the responsibility of the Western campaign. For, looking back upon the extraordinary marches from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Raleigh, and coupling with them Thomas's splendid overthrow of Hood's army in Tennessee, we see to-day more clearly than ever how these achievements aided General Grant's crowning triumph at Appomattox to become also the end of the war throughout the South.

It was Sherman's happy fortune, indeed, that the campaigns in which he was called to take part proved to be of prime importance. "The possession of the Mississippi River," he once said, "is the possession of America. It was vital to us, and we fought for it and won it." A fit sequel to this bisection of the Confederacy was the conquest of its eastern belt, from the great river to the Atlantic coast; and there is no more inspiring picture in military annals than that of the Western army fighting its way down from Cairo to capture Pemberton at Vicksburg; conquering one after another the Border States; sending its movable columns hither and thither through the Mississippi basin; pressing from Murfreesborough to the Alleghanies to attack Bragg; sweeping southward again into the heart of Georgia; then dividing, one part to crush Hood's army at Nashville, while the other should offer Savannah as "a Christmas gift" to the nation; anon gathering into its garner Charleston and Wilmington; and finally, having overrun the Carolinas, planting itself upon the routes of retreat from Virginia, where it heard the glad tidings of the capitulation of Lee.

History, then, we may conclude, will accord to General Sherman as high a rank among the soldiers of his age as the partiality of his contemporaries may have claimed for him. For to eulogize him, as some do, chiefly as a strategist, does injustice to the comprehensiveness of his soldiership. He certainly displayed no less skill in organizing, feeding, transporting, and manœuvring his army than in planning operations. He had a genius for topography, which at a glance turned a landscape into a military position, and took an inventory of its natural features of strength or weakness. The thoroughness of his work was illustrated by his habit of making himself familiar beforehand with the agricultural and other products of every region through which he was to march. Such mistakes as he made were mainly those that grow out of the quickness of judgment and utterance, and the self-dependence which are of proverbial value to a military leader. It certainly was neither luck nor the possession of only ordinary skill that enabled him to move his hosts thousands of miles through the heart of a hostile country with the exactness of mechanism. To say of him that he possessed far greater resources of men and material than his adversaries is to say only what is true of other great Union leaders, and was the admitted ground of any attempt to grapple with the insurrection.

General Sherman will take with him into private life the consciousness that he has never failed to make the interests of the army during the fourteen years he has stood at its head the burden of his eloquent tongue and pen. The striking picturesqueness and vigor of his speech and writing that will give his *Memoirs* an enduring place in American literature, wholly apart from their value as a military chronicle, have always been at the service of his comrades in arms. The respect and affection of his fellow-citizens will follow him into his retirement.

G. E. Pond.

ON THE YUKON RIVER.

The Yukon River, supposed until the recent discovery by Engineer Stonky to be the longest river in Alaska, presents many points of great interest to the traveller. One of these is the trading station at Ikog-muhte. The house, which is quite picturesque, is built of roughly hewn spruce logs, the tops and bottoms being rounded in such a manner as to fit tightly into each other. Fastened with wooden pegs, and well calked with moss, the building, while but of rude construction, is eminently suitable to shelter its occupants from the rigorous winter winds and cold weather of the arctic. This style of house is similar to those seen in Russia, and was introduced into Alaska by the Muscovites when they first came to the Territory. The ease with which they are erected and the comfort they afford have led to their adoption by American traders. One portion of the erection serves as a kitchen and living-room for the trader and his squaw, while a store and trading-room occupy the remainder. The life led by these traders is a solitary one: from June, when the annual vessel arrives at St. Michael's from San Francisco, until the June of the year following, he receives no news from the outer world, his monotonous existence being only broken by his winter sled journey to St. Michael's to deliver his furs and obtain supplies.

Ikog-muhte is also the head mission station and residence of the priest belonging to the Russo-Greek Church—a Church whose tenets are held by numerous converts throughout the Alaskan Territory.

Residents on the island of St. Michael's and in the numerous villages surrounding Norton Sound are people whose language and general habits are closely allied to the Esquimaux of the eastern portion of the North American continent. In the winter, when the seas and rivers of the hyperborean regions are in the grasp of the ice king, these hardy people prosecute long and arduous journeys over the frozen expanse of waters in search of holes in the ice, where the spotted seal come up to blow and bask in the sun. For hours and hours they sit, muffled up in garments of reindeer and seal skin, patiently watching for the least sign of a seal protruding his black muzzle upward; when, after killing a seal, which is effected by means of a spear having a bladder fastened to its end, the wearied hunter throws the carcass upon his sled, which, with the dogs, has been stationed behind some hummock of ice, and proceeds homeward.

At a distance of nearly a thousand miles from its mouth, and at a point where the mighty Yukon sweeps on a northerly course to the sixty-sixth parallel of latitude—the arctic circle—the stream runs between two lofty mountains. These bounds are perpendicular red and gray granite cliffs, clothed on the sides with beautiful mosses, lichens, and straggling berry-bearing bushes, while on their summits may be seen a seemingly impassable forest of elegant spruce-trees. The water runs over hidden rocks and immense bowlders, tumbling and tossing in its impetuous course, and that at a rate which causes the little stern-wheel steamers of the trading companies to pant and put forth their utmost power to stem the current. At the Southern limit of these rapids the Yukon expands to a width of some five miles—a broad stream of water, with numerous islets.

During the latter part of May, when the river is clogged with immense sheets and lumps of ice, the scene at this point is grand; the huge masses of ice are dashed against the rocks, and piled up in every imaginable and fantastic form, rendering the navigation dangerous, while trunks of trees of no mean size are swept down by the long-imprisoned waters on their way to the sea.

The trading post of Nuklakayet is situated on the Yukon River, a short distance from the point where its largest tributary, the Tannanah, flows into the main stream. In common with all the erections throughout the northern portion of Alaska, the buildings are of hewn logs, the interstices filled in with moss, serving to keep the residents warm and cozy in the severe winter. The natives on this section of the Yukon partake in their physiognomy of the North American Indians. Many of the males are over five feet six inches in height, well built, and athletic. Generally speaking, they are nomadic in their habits, resorting to the banks of the rivers during the summer, when they lay in a supply of salmon for winter use, and living in either drill tents or huts made from branches of the spruce-trees. In the winter they reside in moose-skin tents, which are carried to and from the hunting grounds on the backs of the women, the men disdaining to degrade themselves by the performance of any labor whatsoever other than that of hunting and trapping. Consequent upon the rigorous climate and hard work which falls to the females, women are in the minority among these people. They grow old rapidly, a woman at thirty having the appearance of being over fifty or sixty, with haggard, weary looks. Their modes of subsistence and livelihood are entirely from the chase and fishing. In exchange for their furs—beaver, marten, wolf, lynx, fox, and moose skins—they receive tobacco, American clothing, sporting guns, powder, lead, and reindeer-skins for their winter overshirts. So far as their conduct toward whites is concerned, the traders report that with but few instances they are very violent-tempered when excited, are inveterate liars, and have scarcely any good qualities, but are brought to a sense of good behavior by an exhibition of stern and firm determination. They are arrant cowards, attacking only in a body, and, as a rule, are devoid of the better traits possessed by their Indian brothers of the Eastern Territories.

From its mouth on Norton Sound to the village or trading post of Andreavsky, nearly two hundred and fifty miles, the Yukon runs between low-lying alluvial grounds. The soil of these banks and of the surrounding country is a chocolate-colored loam, but of a slight depth, the strong current which runs during the months of May and June carrying away enormous quantities of the earth, and exposing to view the underlying sheets of what may be truly termed ancient ice. Upon the lower portion of the Yukon and its delta remains of the mammoth elephant are to be found, the natives using the bones as runners for their sleds. This portion of the river abounds in islands, sand-bars, and banks, upon which there is a stunted growth of alder, willow, and dwarfed cottonwood, while piles of spruce-trees brought down by the stream are drifted on to the banks, serving as fuel and building material for the natives. Upon these bars and banks myriads of wild fowl rest on their annual flights to the arctic regions in the summer, depositing their eggs, which are eagerly sought after by the natives.

One of the most ludicrous sights imaginable may be seen during the month of August, when the birds have lost their feathers. Being unable to fly, the natives go along the shore knocking the geese, swans, or ducks upon the head with sticks, while the birds waddle along, uttering discordant cries, as they strive to gain the waters of the river, when, gaining a refuge, they dive to elude their pursuers. The flesh of wild fowl in the arctic and subarctic regions from June to September is extremely delicious; the birds, having fed upon the luscious wild celery and berries that cover the interminable swales and marshes, are wonderfully fat, and when prepared for table are a welcome addition to the *menu* of the residents on the river.

HENRY D. WOOLFE.

HENRY IRVING.

HOWEVER widely critics differ concerning HENRY IRVING—and they differ very widely—the fact remains that he comes to us the foremost actor of England. Every dramatic production at the Lyceum of late years, whether critics found it excellent, indifferent, or bad, has been carried to the height of success by a steady tide of popularity. Adverse criticism has been directed mainly against Mr. IRVING's delineations of Shakspearean characters, yet the popular success of his Shakspearean revivals in spite of adverse criticism is too great to be overlooked. It seemed to me, when I attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, that I had never been in a theatre where what may be called the worship of the too too was carried so far. A sense of æsthetic exaggeration pervaded the atmosphere. The dim lights of the auditorium, the music, the scenic accessories—all seemed arranged to steep the audience in the very luxury of woe. When the curtain rose on certain scenes, only SHAKSPEARE's lines, properly spoken, were needed to produce an unprecedented affluence of grief. But it seemed to me that the void was not always filled. Every now and then found me almost decided that HENRY IRVING's Romeo was an animated mannerism. Then suddenly he would electrify his hearers with a fine burst of passion or despair. By carefully following his performance I discovered that wherever melodramatic methods could be applied to the interpretation of Shakspeare, Mr. IRVING rose to the height of the situation, but that during the interim his voice was pitched in a key of monotonous exaggeration, and his gestures were stilted. I could, however, easily tell that, whatever his shortcomings in Shakspearean characters might be, as an actor of melodrama he must be unsurpassed. And herein seemed to me to lie the secret of his extraordinary success. His first great hit was as Matthias in the melodrama of *The Bells*. That was a genuine, startling success. One melodramatic hit was added to another, until the ever-swelling tide of popularity carried him beyond melodrama, and landed him safely in Shakspearean tragedy. But he applied to it the methods which had made him popular in melodrama, and his friends, recognizing the familiar methods, stood by them and applauded them, failing to perceive that he was applying them to the wrong material. Unwittingly he acts Shakspearean tragedy as if it were melodrama. Not being by nature gifted to soar to the heights of those plays which move in an atmosphere above all that has been written before or since, he unconsciously drew them down to himself. Hence it is that strangers and critics complain of his mannerisms, though they do not know exactly how to explain them, and at the same time account for his popularity. Here is the solution: they see plays which have always been acted as tragedies now acted as melodramas. This is repugnant to them, but not to the public, which has, as it were, grown up with Mr. IRVING, for to the latter custom has made his methods natural. Consequently what startled and bewildered strangers call mannerisms, the Lyceum public calls individualities. Thus may be solved the problem presented by the curious coexistence of intense adverse criticism and intense popular enthusiasm.

I do not know if Mr. IRVING feels himself that the novelty of his Shakspearean performances may strike a strange audience as too novel, but at any rate his decision to open here with *The Bells* was eminently wise, for *The Bells* belongs to a line of plays in which he is supreme. His supremacy in this line must be clear to the careful observer of even his Shakspearean delineations, and consequently it is natural that even the severest critics of the latter unite in praising his melodramatic characters. Matthias, in *The Bells*, was, I believe, the first character in which he exerted over a London audience the marvellous fascination springing from that subtle something of infinite value known as personal magnetism. Since then there has existed between him and the Lyceum audiences an *entente cordiale* probably unprecedented in the annals of the drama. It has made the elaborate Shakspearean revivals and fine setting of other plays possible. The success of *The Bells* was immediate and overwhelming. Such a weird, wild portrayal of horror had never been witnessed on the London stage as Mr. IRVING's portrayal of the vision-haunted murderer Matthias. The element of terror is brought out in bolder relief by his capital assumption of unconcern in such moments as when he argues with Christian that his efforts to discover the murderer of the Polish Jew will prove futile. Mr. LEWIS's adaptation of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN's *Le Juif Polonais* is a one-character play. In the hands of HENRY IRVING its strength lies in this one-character feature. No greater evidence of his power as a melodramatic actor is needed. A bit of by-play may be mentioned to show the care with which he elaborates his characters, and how artistically the points thus made harmonize with his conception of the character as a whole. As Matthias takes Annette's dowry out of his money bag he carelessly puts the string around his neck; a moment later he shivers with terror and snatches it off.

HENRY IRVING's success was achieved by remarkable perseverance under circumstances discouraging to ambition as much as by his undoubted genius. A famous German author once advanced the dictum that genius was merely the power to persevere. The absurdity of the dictum is too apparent to be disguised by its originality; but certainly in many cases genius of a certain order succeeds with perseverance where a higher kind of genius without perseverance fails.

HENRY IRVING, whose real name is JOHN HENRY BRODRIB, was born near Glastonbury, February 6, 1838. He was sent to London as a youth to be fitted out for mercantile business, but his fondness for the stage led him to give up his desk in an India merchant's office. He first appeared in public as an actor when eighteen years old, September 29, 1856, at Sunderland, as Orleans, in *Richelieu*, and continued, with a brief intermission, until 1866, to play in the provinces.

From this hard, grinding, but thorough school he graduated to London. The credit of first appreciating Mr. IRVING at his full value belongs to a manager who, if not American born, was long enough here to be called an American manager. Mr. BATEMAN, who was then the manager of the Lyceum, engaged Mr. IRVING for his theatre. The first part he played on the stage which his successes have rendered famous was Landry Barbeau, the date, September 11, 1871. BATEMAN died in 1875, and after that his widow managed the Lyceum until September, 1878. On the 30th of December of that year, the play being *Hamlet*, the bills announced HENRY IRVING "sole lessee and manager." Miss TERRY, whom he engaged immediately on assuming the management, played Ophelia. At the conclusion of the play, acknowledging a call before the curtain, he said: "To produce the Hamlet of to-night I have worked all my life, and I rejoice to think that my work has not been in vain." What HENRY IRVING and Miss TERRY have made of the Lyceum is known to the world. It has made the establishment in London of a national theatre like the Théâtre Français unnecessary.

Mr. IRVING's many personal graces have won him entrance to the highest social circles, and he has steadily used his influence to raise the social standing of the profession, while by upholding in public addresses and in private intercourse the moral influence of the stage he has broken down in many the prejudices against which liberal education and criticism had protested in vain. Of his genial personal qualities EDWIN BOOTH, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, LAWRENCE BARRETT, and other American actors can testify. That he can hold his own very nicely in point of satire in personal intercourse is shown by the following neat anecdote related by the anonymous author of a recent IRVING biography: In a burlesque, *The Corsican Brothers & Co.*, which came out when the melodrama was revived at the Lyceum, Mr. ROYCE gave an imitation of him (IRVING) which was almost too faithful to deserve the name of burlesque, and not long since a young actor mimicked him with much success in another burlesque. Mr. IRVING, who can not take such mockery in very good part, went, nevertheless, to see the performance. Not long after he met the culprit at dinner, and made himself so infinitely agreeable that his new acquaintance began to feel some qualms of conscience, till presently, when matters theatrical came under discussion, Mr. IRVING turned to the younger man and said, in a tone of bland inquiry, "And are you an actor too, Mr. Z——?"

Mr. IRVING is most careful in matters of rehearsal, but his short-sightedness once caused the introduction of an unrehearsed effect. It occurred in a performance of *King René's Daughter*, in which Miss TERRY played the blind daughter, Mr. IRVING, Count Tristan, and Mr. COOPER, Sir Geoffrey. Mr. COOPER is as short-sighted as Mr. IRVING. At the moment when Tristan is directed to hand the blind girl a talisman, Mr. IRVING dropped this property.

"Pick it up—pick it up, COOPER," said Mr. IRVING.

"I can't see it," was the reply.

Finally the blind princess was obliged to pick up the talisman, she alone being able to see it.

With Mr. IRVING comes Miss TERRY, who can claim with him an equal share of the Lyceum honors. When he played with her for the first time he promised her that if ever he became a manager he would engage her as leading lady. I remember very well the fervor of her passion and the music of her love-talk and her grace of bearing as Juliet. Of her Ophelia an English critic writes that if anything more intellectually conceived or more exquisitely wrought out than Miss TERRY's Ophelia has been seen on the English stage in this generation, it has not been within his memory. Miss TERRY, who was born at Coventry on the 27th of February, 1847, first appeared at Hull, while yet almost an infant, in a pantomime. At the age of ten she played, in CHARLES KEAN's production of the *Winter's Tale*, the part of the child Mamillius. Her progress was steady until she began at the Lyceum to share with Mr. IRVING in the successes of that theatre.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AT the recent meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society a paper was read on "The Relation of the Common School to the College." It is generally understood that the common schools turn out the raw material out of which the colleges make finished curve pitchers, ninety-pound coxswains with fifteen ounces of strategy to the pound of coxswain, and accomplished kickers for foot-ball purposes.

More than seventy-five million copies of a certain spelling-book have been sold in America, it is asserted, and all of them contained that absurd monosyllable of six letters which becomes a word of two syllables when one-third of its letters are taken away—*plague*.

It is charged that the Chinese government does not act wholly conscientiously in respect to the law of the United States restricting Chinese immigration. Of 132 Chinese who arrived in San Francisco recently, nearly half had certificates setting forth that they were tradesmen, and therefore not "laborers." The ratio was about the same in another ship-load. It is claimed that fully ninety per cent. of both lots were laborers within the meaning of the restrictive law.

It is solemnly asserted by a Southern newspaper that there is a calf in Virginia which "eats chickens carnivorously." This, however, even if true, is less remarkable than if the calf were to eat chickens herbivorously.

Near Bismarck, Dakota, three thousand buffaloes were slain in one day recently by one thousand Sioux Indians. The red man can occasionally equal the English hunting tourists in the wanton destruction of game; but it can be said of them in extenuation that they are untutored.

It having been printed in an English journal that many rich families in London prefer boarding in hotels to keeping house, an American newspaper adds, "No wonder; it gives them opportunities to converse with the clerks."

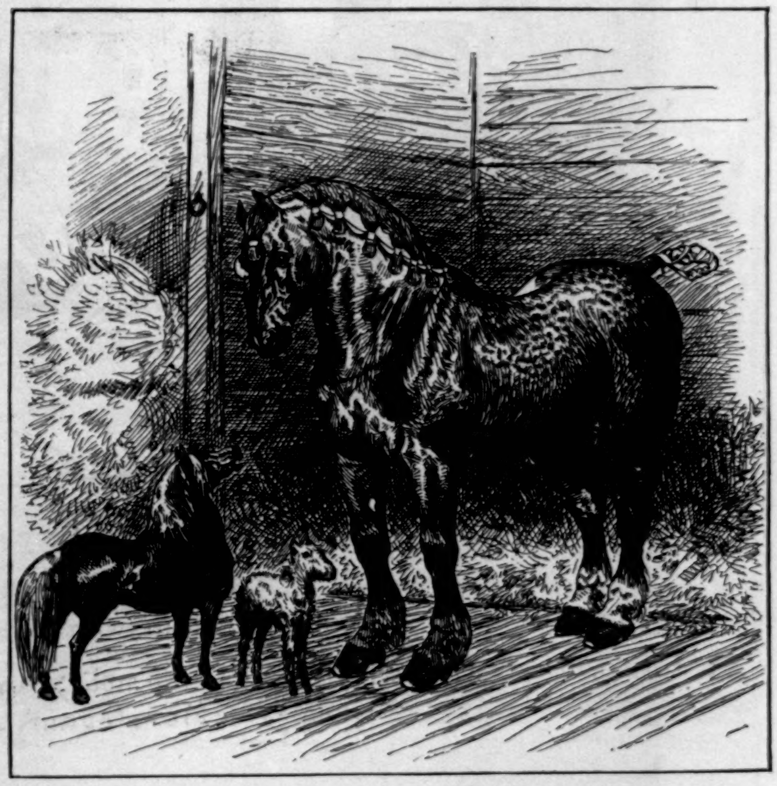
Monsignor Capel says that in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady, who called up her four-year-old boy and said, "My son, speak to the Archbishop." The urchin extended his hand in a frank and hospitable way, and greeted him with, "Howdy, Arch?"

Mr. Labouchere learns, and prints it in *Truth*, that the Queen has issued a private memorandum enjoining the occupants of "a certain royal palace" to abstain from gambling, especially in the early hours of Sunday mornings. It is asserted that enormous sums have been won and lost by players in the royal apartments; but news put forth in terms so indefinite may always be taken with several grains of allowance.

The Corean envoy was greatly astonished at the smallness of our army. Probably he saw only the privates. But if the smallness of the army astonished him, what would have been his emotions had he seen our navy?

If Mr. Holman, of Indiana, is a handsome man, he has been singularly unfortunate in his portrait-makers.

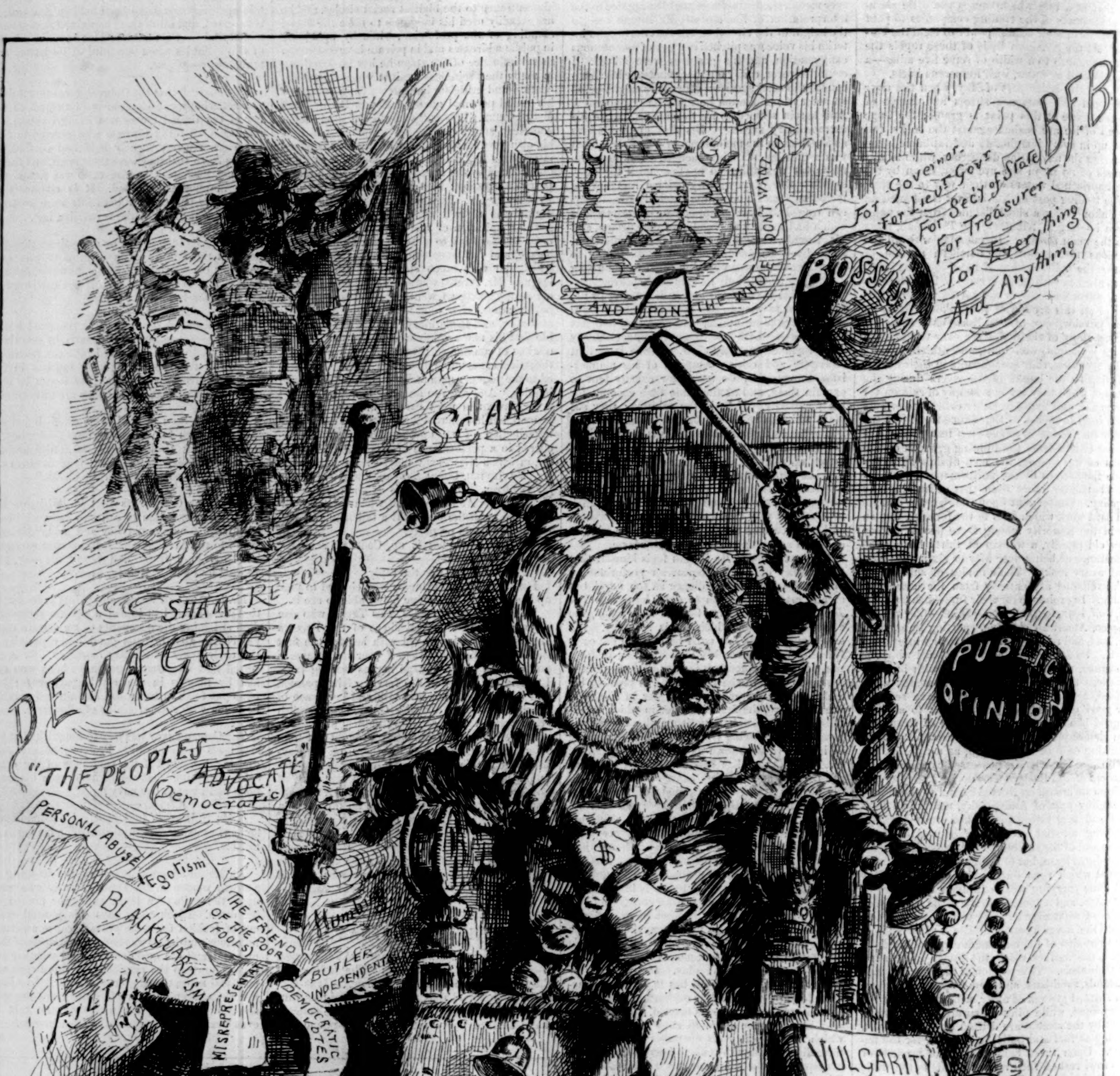
An English journal mentions the hanging of a negro woman in the South recently who wore upon the gallows a large sunflower pinned on her dress. Black satin, says this journal, went out of fashion for some years because a certain notorious murderess was hanged in a dress of that material, and the question is raised whether the favor shown to the sunflower by this negro woman will make that flower unpopular. The English writer seems to have forgotten that the sunflower's popularity has withstood the test of even Oscar Wilde's ostentatious preference.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE HORSE SHOW.

"Ah, bonjour, chère Madame De Shetland, and how's the baby?"

"Many thanks, dear Monsieur De la Perche, the baby's all right, as you see. I'm taking it out for a little trot."

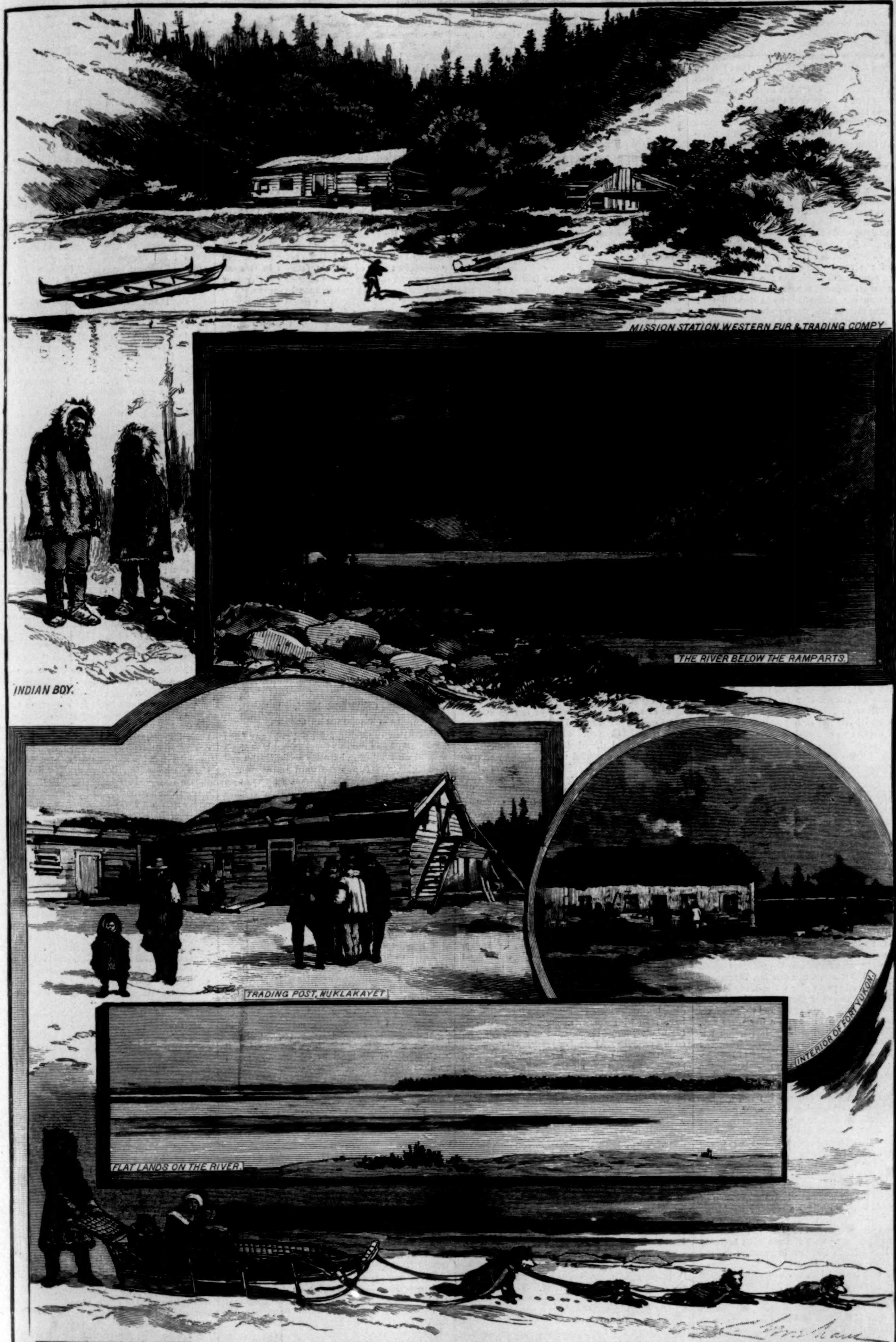

I CAN'T CHANGE AND UPON THE WHOLE I DON'T WANT TO
BFB
For Governor.
For Lieut Govr
For Sec'y of State
For Treasurer
For Everything
And Anything
BOSSISM
SCANDAL
SHAM REFORM
DEMAGOGISM
"THE PEOPLES ADVOCATE" (Democratic)
PERSONAL ABUSE
Egotism
BLACKGUARDISM
THE FRIEND OF THE POOR (FOOLS)
Humbug
BUTLER INDEPENDENT
MISREPRESENTAT
DEMOCRATIC VOTES
FILTH
PUBLIC OPINION
$
VULGARITY. A CAMPAIGN NOVEL ILLUSTRATED. Printed by the DEMOCRATIC Central Committee.
ON TANNING
MASSACHUSETTS
C. G. Bush

"For the fun of the thing, just to see what the old man will do." Look!!

The Puritan Governor "Prythee Captain, what manner of thing is this, that so disturbeth the colony!"

The Puritan Captain. "In truth I know not, your Excellency, but in my time fun of that kind was done by a Mountebank."

[*See Article* "The Bay State Campaign," *on Page* 694.]


MISSION STATION, WESTERN FUR & TRADING COMPY
INDIAN BOY.
THE RIVER BELOW THE RAMPARTS.
TRADING POST, NUKLAKAYET
INTERIOR OF FORT YUKON.
FLAT LANDS ON THE RIVER.
DOG TRAIN AT ST. MICHAELS.

ON THE YUKON RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Recent Photographs.—[See Page 694.]

THE PARTIES AND FREE TRADE.

The joy of the Democratic leaders over the victory in Ohio is not unmixed. The methods by which the victory was obtained, and the results which will probably come from it, are calculated to disturb the complacency of such Democrats as Mr. Watterson, who still cherish the vain hope that their party is the party of reform. Mr. Randall's speeches at Cleveland and elsewhere, in which he defended high tariff duties, and advocated the repeal of the internal revenue taxes and the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, won some votes for Hoadly. So did the clever trick of the Democratic State Central Committee, who, by the distribution of circulars on the eve of the election, persuaded some wool-growers that John Sherman was a statesman of strong free-trade tendencies. These votes were dearly purchased. Democrats who are insisting that their party is a free-trade party were not pleased with the spectacle of Mr. Randall vociferating for protection in the iron and coal districts, while Mr. McDonald was piping a weak treble for "tariff for revenue only" in the Miami Valley, and Mr. Hoadly, braving the malaria of the rural districts, was making pettifogging protection speeches to the wool-growers.

Is it surprising that a party so led makes few converts among young free-trade Republicans? The young men of the country who read the best books and do their own thinking have come to believe with Garfield that the great majority of the ablest writers on political economy favor the principles of free trade They also believe that all our tariff legislation should tend in that direction. As Garfield expressed it in a speech delivered in Congress in 1870, they favor that sort of protection which ends in free trade, while they favor free trade which is to be reached through protection. The principles of Republican free-traders are based on the conviction that there is a moral wrong in any legislation which unnecessarily taxes the many for the benefit of the few, and that the plea that the general welfare demands that all consumers shall contribute to the profit and support of those who own and work in the protected industries is unsound in morals and false in fact.

Whatever criticism may be made upon the Republican party, it must be conceded that when confronted with great issues it has manifested a capacity for generating within itself an amount of moral force which has resulted in the enactment of just and wise laws. Witness its solution of the grave problems which came with and after the war. It dealt with the war, with slavery, with the public debt, with the currency—in fact, with every question that touched the integrity or honor of the nation—as if it were the organized conscience of a Christian people. It is not a matter of surprise that such a party should win and hold so many men who, though exercising the largest liberty of criticism of their party's policy, are loath to ally themselves with a party led by such men as Tilden, Bayard, Randall, Thurman, McDonald, Hendricks, and Voorhees—leaders who have put their party on the wrong side of every question that has been before the country for twenty-five years. It is the boast and strength of the Republican party that it is mainly composed of men who think for themselves, and who compel obedience on the part of their leaders. These men demanded civil service reform, and many Republican Senators and Congressmen who sneered at civil service reform three years ago are sounding its praise to-day. There is no such force in the Democratic party. Its leaders do not stop to inquire, nor do they care, what their followers may think, if they think at all. They are quite sure they will go wherever they are led, as they have been taught in times past. What hope is there for tariff reform, or any kind of reform, from such a party under such leadership? Mr. Watterson's platform palaver about "tariff for revenue only" is palaver and nothing more. Well meant it may be, but it has no force, for it has no backing.

There are some honest free-trade Democrats, and there are some free-trade Republicans equally honest. What assurance can Mr. Watterson or the Democratic party give a free-trade Republican that a Democratic Congress and a Democratic administration will enact and enforce free-trade laws? When in power, a few years ago, the Democrats showed neither inclination nor ability to take a step in the direction of free-trade or tariff reform. It became the duty of the succeeding Republican Congress to deal with the questions presented by our increasing surplus revenue, and it accepted the responsibility, and by means of the Tariff Commission and the law enacted by the last Congress made some progress in the right direction. And while it is true that free-trade Republicans are disposed to criticise that law with severity, they are not quite ready to transfer their allegiance to the Democratic party. Before doing so they wish to have some assurance that they are allying themselves with something better than "an organized appetite"—an appetite in the presence of which the question of what to do with our surplus revenue would become a "—— barren ideality." Free-trade Republicans who are invited to join the Democratic party may prefer to wait and see what becomes of Mr. Randall in the pending contest for the Speakership. What Democratic Congressman dare say that he will bolt the caucus nomination if Mr. Randall shall secure it? With what face can a free-trade Republican be asked to join the Democratic ranks and march under the leadership of such plate-glass and steel-rail protectionists as Randall, Voorhees, and Hendricks, while over in Ohio Democrats are chuckling over a victory which will most likely result in the election of Henry B. Payne, a strong protectionist, to the United States Senate, and which was won because the protected wool-growers were made to believe that the Democrats were protectionists and John Sherman a dangerous free-trader. The Democratic party must in some way manifest a capacity for a bold and manly policy before it can reasonably expect recruits from a class of men who have faith in the ultimate success of some things because they believe them to be right. Judge Thurman, in speaking recently of Mr. Pendleton's civil service law, said that if the Democrats came into power and got possession of the White House, he would be in favor of opening the doors and letting the boys in to warm their toes. We question whether there is a disposition on the part of Republican reformers to aid in bringing about such result. W. T. Fishbach.

LUTHER IN HISTORY—1483-1883.

Luther was accustomed to boast that he was a peasant's son, and that all his ancestors were peasants. He was born at Eisleben on the 10th of November, 1483, just four hundred years ago. His father was a poor miner, working with his pick in the copper mines of Mansfeld; his mother cut and carried wood to the small cottage where the reformer was born. It was a hard life upon which the young child was ushered; often his parents beat him for little faults; their tempers were harsh and severe. Yet so tender and loving was the heart of the great reformer that he remembered only their real kindness, and wept bitterly, like Mohammed, over his mother's grave. He was the oldest of seven children. His father sent him to school at Eisenach, and sometimes he sang carols from door to door to pay for the cost of his education.

Soon his powerful intellect, that was destined to influence all mankind, began to show its rare strength. Like Burns or Shakspeare, he rose at once to notice. He was a musician, a poet, a fine scholar, a young man of pure and noble impulses, when he passed through the University of Erfurt with applause, and began to study law. His father had now grown wealthy, and was evidently anxious to see his gifted son rise to eminence and power. He would make him a lawyer. But suddenly a great change passed over the mind of the young student, and he fled forever from the allurements of the outer world. A friend, it is said, was killed at his side by a stroke of lightning, and the sight of death awoke Luther from his gay dream of pleasure. He vowed to St. Anne to become a monk. He entered an Augustinian monastery. His honest father opposed his sudden resolution. He thought it "a trick of the devil," and was evidently no firm believer in the conventual system. But Luther persevered, and with terrible penance and endless prayers, with whip, scourge, and sackcloth, strove to wash away his fancied sins and fit himself for another world. He little knew how much he was destined to do and suffer and enjoy in this.

Honest, fearless, enthusiastic, he went to Rome full of faith, and came back from the Holy City shocked and terrified by the enormities of the papal court. The sale of indulgences not long after aroused the conscience of Luther and all Germany. He spoke, and half Europe seemed to follow him. Convents were broken up, ancient rites abandoned, the whole world was transformed at Luther's powerful voice. History has no similar example of so swift a conversion of whole nations. The simple words of the honest German put to rout a host of errors. Saxony became his protector, all the people his friends. Soon Switzerland caught up the German sentiment of independence, and Zürich and afterward Geneva became the centres of Swiss nationality and progress. The old Italian influence—and Zwingle had once been a pensioner of Rome—was thrown off forever. In Germany, Hesse and Würtemberg, Brunswick, Brandenburg, and Saxony, by the year 1529 had become openly Protestant. Then Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, next Holland and the Low Countries, secretly joined the German league for freedom of faith, in the face of the Inquisition and the edicts of despotic kings. France was stirred by a vain impulse of reform. Austria, Bohemia, and Poland followed. Spain was held in check forever, like France. Last came Saxon England and Saxonized Scotland to unite in faith and sympathy with their Continental relatives. And before he died, Luther, surrounded by deadly foes, must yet have seen with wonder and grateful joy nearly the whole Teutonic population of the north joined in a common sentiment of progress and reform.

So thoroughly was the Reformation a German movement that soon all the eminent reformers were driven to take refuge in the shelter of Germany, and in its towns and cities were forged the intellectual arms that raised Europe from its feudal barbarism. Wittenberg, Strasburg, Geneva, Amsterdam, became the chief seats of Protestant influence, the shrines of powerful and contending sects. From France the reformers fled before the persecutions of Francis I.; from Spain they were wholly extirpated; from Italy they came in crowds to Switzerland and the North, pursued by the Jesuits and the Inquisition. For a century the great heart of Germany formed the asylum of the oppressed. The reformers—founders of modern history—were not faultless. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer had much to learn. Fierce disputes raged between these great intellects. The world was shaken by their clamor. Some painful exhibitions of honest but unwise enthusiasm, some cruel acts of intolerance, were the fruits of their early severity. Yet, compared to their persecutors, the first reformers seem singularly humane, and Germany received within its borders the fugitives of every land. The Latin races drove out the new opinions, the Teutonic cherished them. Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, England, resounded with the clamorous outcries of modern thought. Strasburg and Geneva, London and Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Leyden, Berlin, became the centres of the world's material and mental advance. The Gothic and German races rose to rare prosperity at the touch of Luther's genius; the Latin races, because they rejected his teachings, have for three centuries slumbered in dull reaction and decay.

His countrymen have not been ungrateful, and no name is so honored among the Teutonic races as that of Luther, the peasant's son. He is studied with intense interest. The works that treat of his memory are numberless. In the British Museum six volumes of its index are devoted to Luther, only two each to Shakspeare and to Milton. Every noted act of his life has become a part of history, and is more memorable than a battle or a siege. His beggar songs at Eisenach, his visit to Rome, his conversion, and his faith have helped to guide the course of nations. He stands before the church door at Wittenberg (October 31, 1517) and nails fast the famous theses that were to begin a new era of thought. Modest, learned, uncompromising, he did what no other dared: he defied the covetous and cunning churchmen who would despoil his country. Next, in 1520, he burned the papal bull, and began the irrevocable conflict. He is summoned to appear before the princes, the priests, the Emperor of Germany. On the 16th of April, 1521, the reformer entered the ancient city of Worms, famous in German history and song, to defend himself and Germany against a spiritual and temporal tyranny. The countless hosts of Germans gazed at him with love and admiration from the highways and the house-tops as he passed along. On the 17th he began his defense before the crowded and hostile assembly of prelates, emperor, and Spaniards; the daggers of the German princes alone saved him from the malice of his foes. On the 18th he spoke with matchless eloquence on the rights of conscience and of humanity. "God be my help," he cried: "here I take my stand." He spoke for all future ages; he saved Germany; he created modern history.

He fled from Worms to hide for many months in the castle of Wartburg, and in his solitude his conflicts with Satan were fierce and terrible. He came out to live for twenty years at Wittenberg, to marry, to find happiness in his modest home, to labor with ceaseless energy in the cause of reform. His ponderous intellect moved incessantly, like some immense engine, pouring out an endless list of publications. The press was Luther's strong tower of defense; incessant toil, a cheerful nature, an intellect as vigorous as Aristotle's, were the human sources of his boundless influence. At length, in 1546, he died, at sixty-three, peacefully and hopefully, the master intellect of the Teutonic race. Eugene Lawrence.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY CONSTANCE IN LONDON.

For all my eagerness, I did not get away from Franzenshöhe as soon as I had expected. Much time was consumed in leisurely preliminaries and formalities, and it was not until the beginning of June that I reached London. Harry, with whom I had kept up a brisk correspondence during the intervening weeks, had good-naturedly volunteered to look out for quarters for me, and had finally secured a set of rooms in Sloan Street, where I found him awaiting my arrival.

"I've turned over a new leaf, Charley," he said; "I've given up—some bad habits that I had fallen into, and I hope I shall have the strength of mind to keep clear of them now. You think it rather odd, perhaps, that a little kindness should make such a difference in a man's life; but then you haven't been kicked and cut during very nearly twenty years."

"You won't be kicked and cut much longer," said I, hopefully.

He threw a quick glance of apprehension at me. "I do trust you haven't said anything about me in writing home," he exclaimed.

I replied that I had not done so—that I agreed with him in thinking that a favorable opportunity should be awaited, or created, for making the disclosure. I was wondering whether it would be at all possible to put Harry in the way of performing some deed of heroism, when he diverted the current of my ideas by asking me when I meant to call upon Lady Constance.

"I don't know—as soon as possible—to-morrow, perhaps," I replied. "When should I be most likely to find her at home, and alone?"

"Ah, when indeed? From what I hear, she is pretty constantly engaged. But you need not sigh so profoundly about that; one can talk just as well in a crowd as in a desert."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but at present I don't quite see how I am to find my way into the crowd. I know hardly anybody in London."

"Oh, you will get into society easily enough. Especially as young men have been at a premium since the declaration of war and the departure of the Guards. I got up early in the morning to see my old battalion march out," added Harry, in a low voice. "The fellow who commands it now was a subaltern in my day. Ah, well; I should like to have been going out with them."

"Why don't you go to the East?" I exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration. "By Jove! Harry, I believe it would be the very best thing that you could do. I wonder I didn't think of it before. You will never have such another chance of distinguishing yourself."

"As a full private, do you mean?" he asked, smiling. "Perhaps, if you knew as much of Tommy Atkins and his habits as I do, you wouldn't suggest that road to glory, even to a proscribed man. Also, I doubt whether the Medical Board would pass me."

"Well," said I, unwilling to give up my idea, "I dare say it wouldn't be pleasant to enlist as a common soldier; but couldn't you get a commission in some irregular corps?"

"I can't fancy myself a Bashi-bazouk, and I am afraid those picturesque warriors are not likely to see much service. No—I am much obliged to you for the hint; but, all things considered, I think I will remain where I am, so as to be ready to defend my native shores in case of an invasion."

This levity disappointed me. It seemed to me that Harry should have been only too glad to carry a musket and bear the hardships of a campaign, if, by so doing, he could hope to wipe out the memory of the past. I said nothing; and presently he resumed, quite good-humoredly:

"I see you set me down as a coward. Well, consider me so, if you like; you have the right to believe me incapable of any virtue."

I could not help thinking that my cousin sometimes carried this particular form of plea *ad misericordiam* to the verge of abuse. "You know I did not mean to accuse you of being afraid of wounds or death," I answered; "only, from what you said, I fancied you might be a little afraid of discomfort."

"But that would be a worse kind of cowardice, wouldn't it? However, we needn't discuss the point, and it is of no great consequence. If I had the courage of a lion and the fortitude of a martyr, I couldn't leave London just now. I have ties and occupations, like other men; though it would be rather inconvenient to me to mention exactly what they are. Lady Constance will tell you that I am a useful member of civil society in certain obscure ways."

With that he got up, saying that he must be off, but that he would look in upon me again in a day or two, if I would allow him.

I assured him that he could not come too soon or too often. "Or shall I go and see you?" I asked.

"That would entail rather a long walk," answered Harry, laughing. "I am not a young swell who can afford to live in Sloan Street, remember. At present I have lodgings down at Richmond; but I won't ask you to come and see me there, because I am generally in town all day; besides which, my abode is too humble a one for you to be seen entering."

I could not, of course, insist; neither could I give expression to the thought which occurred to me then, as it had occurred several times before, that it was difficult to reconcile this apparent poverty with the fact, for which both my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar had vouched, that Harry was in receipt of a liberal allowance. What was certain was that he was obliged to take refuge in the suburbs, while I was lodged in Belgravia; and his cheerful acquiescence in our respective destinies only made me the more determined to see justice done.

I did not see him again for more than a week. During that time I was busy familiarizing myself with my new duties, and leaving cards upon various friends, whom I thought it as well to acquaint with the fact that I was in London. Naturally, I lost no time in calling at Lady Constance's house in Hill Street, but I was not fortunate enough to find her at home, although I made three attempts, and it was only at the end of a week that I was rewarded by a formal invitation to dinner.

That evening we were honored with the company of a cabinet minister—a brisk, merry old gentleman, who arrived very late, apologizing for the bad cold which had prevented his wife from accompanying him. Notwithstanding this disappointment, which made us a lady short, and obliged me to descend the staircase all by myself at the tail of the procession, the party was a very pleasant and lively one. The dinner was excellent, as were also the wines. Lady Constance exerted herself more than usual to amuse her friends, and was undoubtedly successful in so doing; and if everybody went away rather early, it was only because we had sat down late, and because many other entertainments were appointed to take place in the course of the evening.

I lingered after the rest of the guests, thinking myself entitled to venture upon that liberty, and as soon as the last of them had vanished, Lady Constance threw up her arms above her head and yawned so loudly that the footman put his floury poll in at the door, and, on being asked what he wanted, replied, looking rather foolish, that he had thought he heard a cry for 'elp.

"He was not far wrong, poor man, if he had only known it," Lady Constance remarked, with a slight laugh. "I am drowning in an ocean of weariness, and nobody will hold out a hand to save me. Yes—thank you; I know you have a large hand and a strong arm; but I should only pull you in after me if I were to clutch it. I must endeavor to swim as long as my strength will hold out; after which, I shall go under, and nobody will miss me. So you have come at last."

"It hasn't been my fault that I have not come sooner," said I.

"Nor mine. I hope you will have the gratitude to acknowledge that. And now that you are here, what do you think of it all? Wasn't Franzenshöhe a great deal pleasanter?"

"I don't know," answered I; "I never think of whether places are pleasant or unpleasant in themselves now. There are the places where you are, and there are the places where you are not; that is all."

"I wish this was one of the places where I was not," said Lady Constance, with another yawn. "Did you ever in all your life meet with such a set of insufferable bores as we had here this evening?"

"I must confess," answered I, "that I found them very amusing."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"And I found them as stupid as owls. It is bad taste to speak against one's own country; but I must say that I think the stupidity of the English people is only equalled by their sanctimonious self-complacency. When one reads the stuff that is published every morning in the form of leading articles, one doesn't know whether to laugh or to hide one's head. Because we set up a glass house in Hyde Park three years ago, and chose to play at universal peace, we are overcome with righteous indignation when we find that, after all, the Millennium hasn't begun yet, and that people still continue to throw stones. It is agreed by all thoughtful British merchants that war is an anachronism, and therefore it follows that the Emperor of Russia has provoked the present war, and that he ought to be denounced as the enemy of the human race. Yet Russia must have Constantinople some day, and England must have Egypt: these are geographical necessities, as any one may see by looking at the map. But it would never do to recognize the truth, so we join in an absurd expedition, which we shall be very lucky if we escape from without a crushing defeat, and in the mean time, by way of showing that war is an outrage upon civilization for which we were utterly unprepared, we send out an army that isn't fit to take the field, and allow it to starve."

"We shall lick the Russians, all the same," said I.

"How do you know? I don't think we shall, and I am better acquainted with Russia than you are. Anyhow, I must be allowed to relieve my feelings by abusing these people, who are more infuriating in private life than they are in public. After all, I am an Irish woman, not an Anglo-Saxon; so I have a right to despise them and their hypocrisy and humbug. I do despise them from my heart; but, for all that, I am ruining myself in purse and patience by trying to become a social power amongst them, and hardly a day passes that I don't stoop to flatter some foolish old woman in order to get asked to her parties. How do you account for that, now?"

I shook my head, not having an explanation ready.

"The game is not worth the candle," she went on. "I know that perfectly well; yet I can't resist playing it. I often wonder why I should take such pains to secure what I don't want, and sha'n't care about when I get it—if I ever do get it."

"Well," I said, "I suppose it is the pursuit that you enjoy. There is no grander sport than riding after a fox; but one doesn't want to carry his body home; one doesn't even care much about his brush."

"Really," said Lady Constance, "you have gleams of intelligence. I think I will stay at home and talk to you for a little, instead of going on to a ball. Now tell me—have you repented of coming to London yet?"

"No," I answered; "why should I repent? I came to London to be near you—and here I am."

She laughed a little at this succinct reply, and presently I remarked: "What a pretty house you have got!"

"Oh yes," she answered, carelessly. "I am in funds just now, you see, thanks to your friend Chapman. His information turned out to be most timely, and I believe he has profited by it, though not, of course, to the same extent that I have. He tells me, however, that he has been able to pay some outstanding bills."

"You often see him, don't you?" I asked, wondering whether she had any suspicion of Harry's identity.

"Not very often, but oftener than I like, for I still think him a rather despicable little person. In a certain sense, though, I am under obligations to him, and since it seems to give him pleasure to be admitted into the house, I don't send him away. When he comes, he generally talks about you, and praises you up to the skies. Have you paid him to blow your trumpet?"

I said I believed he was really attached to me.

"He may be. Indeed, I think he must be," Lady Constance agreed, "for the other day, when he said how kind you had been to him, his eyes became quite watery. Of course that may have been only the effect of drink, though."

"He has given up drink; he told me so himself," I said.

"That, perhaps, is not absolutely convincing proof of the fact. Still, I dare say he is your friend—or means to be so." And then a peculiar smile overspread Lady Constance's face, and lingered there so long that at last I asked her what she was laughing at.

"I was only thinking of some things that he said," she replied. "I believe he imagines that I might be induced to marry you, and he is evidently very desirous of bringing about this suitable match. What he expects to gain by it I don't know, but his wishes are clear, and he shows his appreciation of the motives that are likely to weigh with me by dwelling constantly upon your prospect of coming into a nice property eventually."

I was half touched by this evidence of Harry's good-will, half vexed to hear it spoken of so jestingly, and wholly embarrassed by the prohibition which he had laid upon me, and which prevented me from doing him justice. I said nothing, and Lady Constance went on:

"You are not a very dutiful nephew. Why have you not been to see that indulgent uncle of yours?"

I explained that it had hitherto been impossible to me to leave London, but that I should certainly run down to Norfolk as soon as the exigencies of the public service permitted of my absenting myself for a few days.

I had, indeed, written to Thirlby to this effect, and had received my uncle's assurance in return that he quite understood how I was situated. What I had not received, and what I had for a long time been impatiently awaiting, was a letter from George. I could only suppose that prudence had once more asserted its sway over impulse, and that he had not written simply because he had nothing of importance to write about. Whether, when he did make up his mind to speak, Maud would accept him or not seemed very doubtful. I could not quite bring myself to wish that she should do that, yet I felt that I would almost rather hear of her engagement to George than be kept much longer in suspense. I don't know what association of ideas prompted me to ask Lady Constance suddenly whether she had seen any more of Mr. Sotheran.

"I see him every day of my life," she answered, with something between a laugh and a groan. "There is a mulish obstinacy about that man which would have raised him into high places if only it had been a little better directed. By-the-bye, did I tell you that he had honored me with an offer of marriage?"

"You know you never told me," I exclaimed, my heart coming up into my mouth. "Have you refused him, then?"

"Oh yes; but he appeared to take that quite as a matter of course. I knew he would. Otherwise, perhaps—"

She did not finish her sentence, and presently I said, "I wish you would tell me whether you really mean to marry a man whom you dislike and despise."

"How can I tell you what I don't know myself?" she returned. "My fate must be decided by circumstances, not by my own will. Now go away, please, and when you next come here try to avoid offensive subjects."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I RESIST THE DEVIL.

One day in a moment of confidential despondency I told Harry that I felt sure that Lady Constance would end by marrying the odious Sotheran—a prophecy which made him look grave for a minute, but which he presently assured me would never be fulfilled without my connivance.

"Why, what can I do?" I asked, despairingly; "what influence have I with her? I am utterly powerless; I can only stand and look on, though I would cut off my right hand rather than such a horrible thing should happen."

Harry smiled, and said he didn't think that there was any need for such alarming sacrifices. "As far as I understand the case, you have only to lift up your little finger, instead of chopping off your hand. Would you mind if I spoke in plain language about Lady Constance?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"Well, then, I presume we may take it for granted that, if she marries at all, it will be because she is so hard up that she can't get on without somebody else's money."

I nodded, and Harry continued: "Very well. I presume we may also take it that she would rather marry you than Sotheran, supposing that you could see your way to supporting her."

"Yes," I assented; "she told me so herself once. But if you are going to say that I am my uncle's heir, I can only repeat to you that I am not that, and will never consent to be that."

"Not even to save Lady Constance from Mr. Sotheran?" asked Harry, with that faint ironical smile of his.

"Look here, Harry," I rejoined, with some heat, "Lady Constance put that same question to me one day at Franzenshöhe. I don't know whether she meant it—perhaps she didn't. But for the moment I thought she did, and almost hated her. Please never say that again. It's a temptation—it's a temptation that I might yield to, perhaps; for I am such a helpless wretch where she is concerned. But I know very well that, if I ever did yield to it, I shouldn't have another moment of happiness for the rest of my life."

"All right, old fellow," said Harry, looking rather surprised; "I didn't know you had such a strong feeling about it. The unfortunate thing is that, as I have told you many times already, my father will never leave Thirlby to me, and so you will lose Lady Constance and gain nothing, except the approval of a misguided conscience. I should have liked to see you two married, because you have both been friends to me, and because I think you both wish it now; but if you won't, you won't; and I suppose it will be all the same ten years hence."

"You agree with me, then, that she *will* marry Sotheran," said I, miserably. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I am bound to say that it looks like it. She is living at a deuce of a pace, and it isn't every day that one can count upon doing a good stroke of business in the City. All I can answer for is that she won't marry him if she can help it; and that you know already."

For some days after this conversation the devil was at my elbow. When I met Lady Constance in society, as I often did, when I saw her riding in the Row, with Mr. Sotheran jogging along on a fat gray cob beside her, when I was lying awake at night trying to picture to myself what my life would be after all that made it worth having had been taken out of it, I could not help asking myself whether it wouldn't be a very simple thing to hold my tongue. "Your uncle is in possession of his faculties," urged the devil; "he knows all the circumstances as well as you do, if not better. Why should you attempt to influence him against his better judgment? Besides, it seems very much as if you would have to choose between injuring one of two persons; and which of those two do you love the most?"

To escape from these torments, I resolved at last to go home and disclose the truth, whether Harry liked it or not. I said nothing to him of my intention, but merely wrote a line to my uncle announcing that I was coming down for a day or two, and departed.

It was evening when I reached my journey's end, and climbed into the dog-cart, which had been sent to the station for me. The red sun was sinking in the west, and converting Thirlby Broad into a sheet of flame, just as he had done two years before, when I had surprised Maud sitting in the punt among the reeds. In the quiet peacefulness of the landscape, in the soft whispering of the barley fields, in the silent stillness of the woods, showing black against the fiery sky, in all the familiar features of the broad and pleasant acres which I had come down to renounce, there was, to my fancy, something of a gentle reproach. "We are unchanged," they seemed to say; "but who and what are you? and what have you done with our old friend Charley Maxwell?" Ah! what indeed?

When I drew near the edge of the Broad I saw, bending over the water, a figure clad in brown velveteens which there was no mistaking. I handed the reins to the groom, told him to drive on, and jumped down to seek a change of thought in the conversation of old Jim Bunce. Bunce had just hauled in his net, full of silvery little bream, and was picking them out of the meshes. He scrubbed his wet hand violently upon his trousers before he would take mine, which I held out to him.

"Well, now," he said, "this do put heart into a man! On'y this mornin' I says to Squire, 'Look 'ee here, sir,' I says, 'if we don't get Mr. Chawls down now, what's the good of us havin' a holiday?' I says. And Squire he laughs, and says he, 'You're very imperent, Bunce,' says he. But, Lord love ye! soon as ever I seed his face I knowed very well as you was comin'. Better late than never, and better now than last week! When the cat's away, the mice 'll play, as they say. Dear, dear! what a age them cats do reach, to be sure! Talk about nine lives!—why, you might as well say ninety, and ha' done with it!"

"Do you mean that Mrs. Farquhar is away?" I asked, guessing to whom this elegant metaphor referred.

"Ah!" answered Bunce, nodding several times, and drawing his hand across his chin, which gave forth a rasping sound. "Gone off to Scotland for change of air. 'Ain't you heard?"

I said, "No."

"She've got lumbagey, that's what's wrong with she," Bunce continued, in a tone of undisguised satisfaction; "and *I* know what lumbagey is. Lord! I've seen folks in their beds with it for six weeks, and couldn't move hand nor foot without screechin' the whole blessed time. She 'ain't got so bad as that—not *yet;* but, come to her time o' life, she didn't owt to expect for to get rid of it no more. I never heerd tell of any one as *died* o' the lumbagey, though," added Bunce, reflectively; "but there! it don't do to question the ways o' Providence, as my old missus says. Mayhap we couldn't work things much better ourselves. So you've had enough o' furrin parts at last, Mr. Chawls?"

"Yes," I said; "I'm settled in London now."

Bunce grunted, and observed that he didn't hold much with London, but that it was better than Germany, anyhow.

In order to effect a change of subject, I remarked that Bunce's old regiment had been sent to the East; and this, as I had expected, started him on a succession of reminiscences which lasted until we reached the house, whither he accompanied me. Entering the back door, we encountered Cooper and Peters and many other old friends, all of whom were so kind in their welcome of me, and had so many questions to ask, that it was a good half-hour before I could get away from them, and pass into the quieter regions of the house in search of my uncle.

I found the dear old fellow sitting in his library, surrounded by open books, and looking more like himself than he had done since the evil day when Mrs. Farquhar descended upon him from the North to worry his life out. "Well, Charley," he said, quietly, looking up at me with a great kindness in his eyes; and then I forgot all about Harry, all about Lady Constance, and all about the follies and fatalities that separated me from the old days that could never come back any more. I sat down beside him in the same ancient leather-covered chair that I had been used to sit in long ago, when he patiently taught me the Latin grammar before I went to school—I sat down beside him there, as of old, and we had a good long talk.

I have always been a very poor letter-writer. My uncle, on the other hand, was an admirable correspondent of the old-fashioned type; but he had not precisely the gift which some people possess of talking upon paper; and therefore when we met we had a great deal to say to each other which was not of the smallest importance or interest to any one but ourselves. Important and disagreeable topics might very well be postponed until a later period of the evening, I thought; but in truth I scarcely thought of them at all until the sound of the dressing bell caused my uncle to remark: "By-the-way, Dennison said he would come in to dinner. He is all by himself just now." And then he added, "You know that my mother left for Scotland a day or two ago?"

"Yes," I said; "Bunce told me. Long may she remain upon her native heath!" My uncle smiled, and observed ambiguously that a little change was always a good thing, but did not assent to my further proposition that more change was a better thing, and permanent change best of all. "My mother is fond of affirming that all troubles are blessings in disguise," he said, and I am inclined to think that she is right, though I don't suppose that you and Tom could be brought to admit it."

I went upstairs, thinking to myself that Mrs. Farquhar was the most successfully disguised blessing I had ever encountered, and wishing that I could see any way of applying her theory to my own mishaps. Upon the whole, it seemed more easy to derive comfort from Harry's philosophical conviction that "it would be all the same ten years hence."

We dined in the library for the sake of old times, and, as the Rector said, were "as jolly as three school-boys out on a spree." He himself was overflowing with the genial jollity which a good dinner and a good conscience engender; and in listening to his rambling discourses I almost forgot that I was not at Thirlby for the purpose of catching fish or shooting down the rabbits. Unfortunately, as it was Saturday night, he was obliged to leave early, in order to brush up his sermon for the morrow, and this left me without any excuse for postponing my self-imposed task. I didn't want to spoil a pleasant evening; but there was no help for it. The thing had to be done; and not seeing how the subject was to be led up to, I attacked it without preface as soon as my uncle and I were left together.

"Uncle Bernard," said I, "I wanted to tell you that I have seen Harry."

His face changed at once. His lips became compressed, the fine lines about the corners of his mouth deepened, and he straightened himself a little in his chair. But all he said was "Oh!" in rather a chilling tone.

"We met at Franzenshöhe," I went on, "and since then I have seen a good deal of him. I didn't write to you about it, because he wanted me to keep it secret; but—"

"To keep what secret?" asked my uncle.

"Well, the fact of our having met. It was by the merest chance that we did meet, and so he was in a sort of way entitled to impose conditions, you see."

"Did you recognize him by his name or by his features?"

"I didn't recognize him at all," answered I, thinking that the question of name had better not be entered into; he told me who he was."

"I should have thought that nothing compelled him to do that. So you believe that your meeting was the result of mere chance?"

"I am sure of it," I answered. "What else could it be? You don't mean to suggest that he went out to Franzenshöhe on purpose to make my acquaintance?"

"Experience has made me suspicious," my uncle said, with a sigh. "Well, what does he want?"

"He doesn't want anything," I answered; "it is I who want you to give him another chance. He has said all along that it wouldn't be the least use speaking to you; but I thought I knew you better than he did. Hasn't he been punished enough? I quite understand that you don't mean to punish him, and that you only disinherited him because you thought it was your duty, and—and all that; but as a matter of fact it *is* a punishment, and a heavy one. Don't you think we should all be much happier if it were put an end to?"

"I believe," said my uncle, "that I gave you my reasons two years ago for acting as I have done. You have told me nothing as yet that should make them seem less cogent."

"I know I haven't," I acknowledged, "but I don't think it is quite a case for cold reasoning. I want you to have Harry down here. If you were to see him, I am sure it would be all right."

"I can't consent to see him."

"Why not? You are fighting against yourself all this time. You are so determined to be just that you will commit a cruel injustice rather than do the natural thing, which is, after all, the right thing. Your reason for refusing to see him is that you are afraid of yielding."

My uncle shook his head. "You either do not understand the point at issue or you shut your eyes to it. Dennison, who at one time thought much as you do, used to attack me continually with arguments which had no bearing upon the question, and if he has quoted the parable of the Prodigal Son to me once, I suppose he must have quoted it a hundred times. It was impossible to convince him that such talk was wholly irrelevant. I don't want to go over again all that I said to you before about Harry; but I will just put the case before you baldly and distinctly. What you ask for him, and what I think I may assume he asks for himself, is not that he should be forgiven, but that he should be re-instated. I refuse to re-instate him, simply because I can not. I can't make the county receive him, and he has done nothing to show himself worthy of being received. You say his punishment is a heavy one. I admit that it is so; but I maintain that it is inevitable."

"If people wouldn't receive him for his own sake, they would receive him for yours," I urged; "and as for his not having shown himself worthy, what opportunity has he had of doing that?"

"We shall do no good by discussing this, Charley," said my uncle, with a quiet smile. "I give you every credit for a generous intention; but I can only say to you, as I have had to say to others, that you are dealing with a subject which I have pondered much longer and more deeply than you have, and that you can't bring forward a single plea that will be new to me."

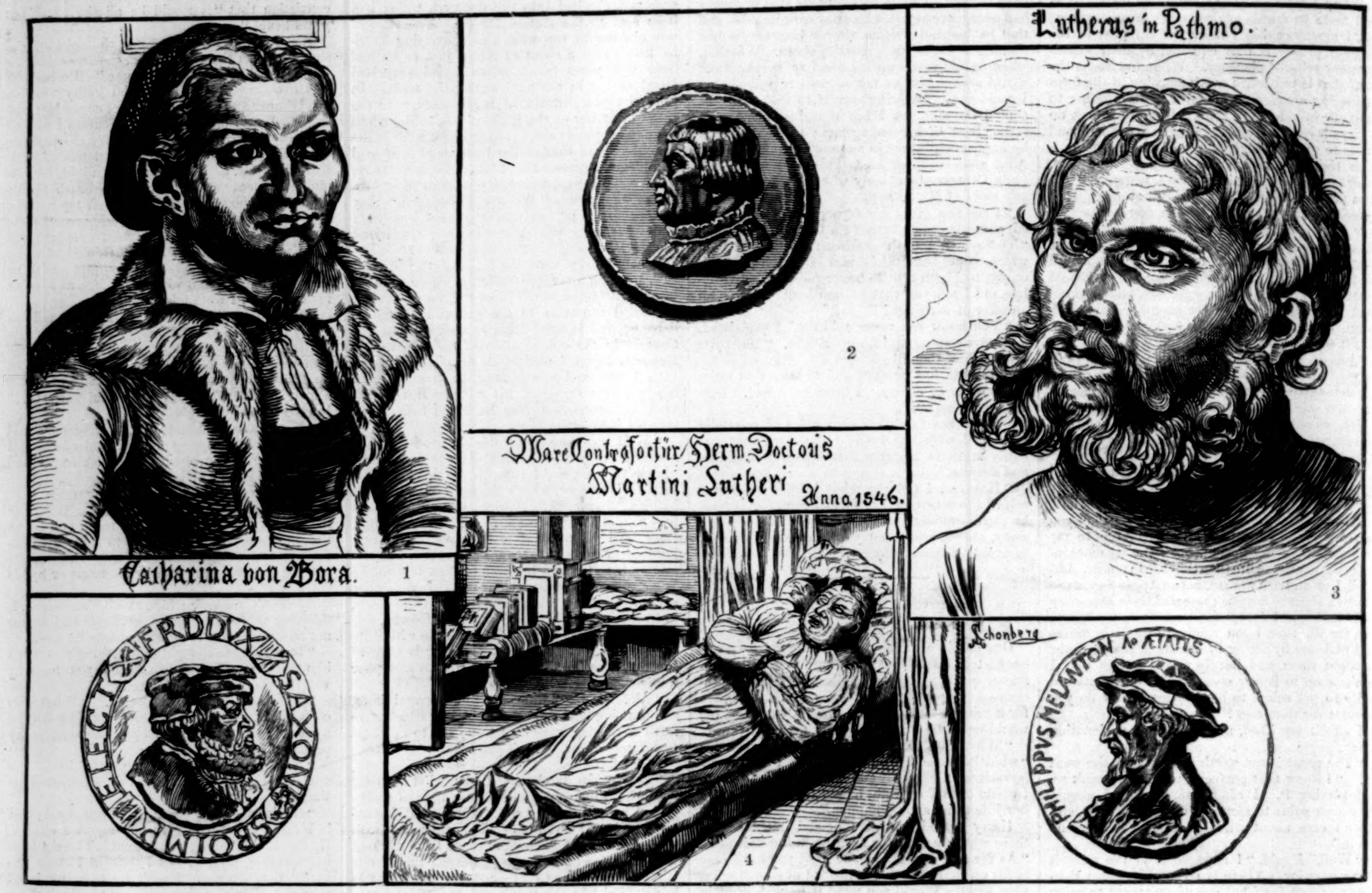
"It seems a great pity," I said. "Harry is really a good fellow, if you would only believe it; and he didn't send me down here to plead for him, though I know you think he did."

My uncle did not defend himself from this charge. He remained silent; and after some minutes I asked, "Is there really no way of persuading you to alter your mind?"

"I think I remember telling you," replied my uncle, "that there are two conceivable events which might cause me to alter my mind—or at least my will, which is, perhaps, more to the purpose. He might marry and have children, or he might earn some public distinction. I know of nothing else that would move me. My meeting him certainly would not."

"You are very hard upon him," I exclaimed.

"I suppose I must appear to be so. Nevertheless, I can only repeat that I don't believe in


Catharina von Bora
1
2
Ware Contrafactur Herrn Doctoris
Martini Lutheri
Anno 1546.
Lutherus in Pathmo.
3
FRD DUX SAXONIE SRO IMP ELECT
4
Schonberg
PHILIPPUS MELANTON AO AETATIS

1. From the Portrait by Lucas Cranach the younger. 2. Luther Coin, possibly by Dürer. 3. Luther during his confinement in the Wartburg. 4. Luther lying in State.

FROM THE LUTHER EXHIBITION, BRITISH MUSEUM.—[See Page 698.]

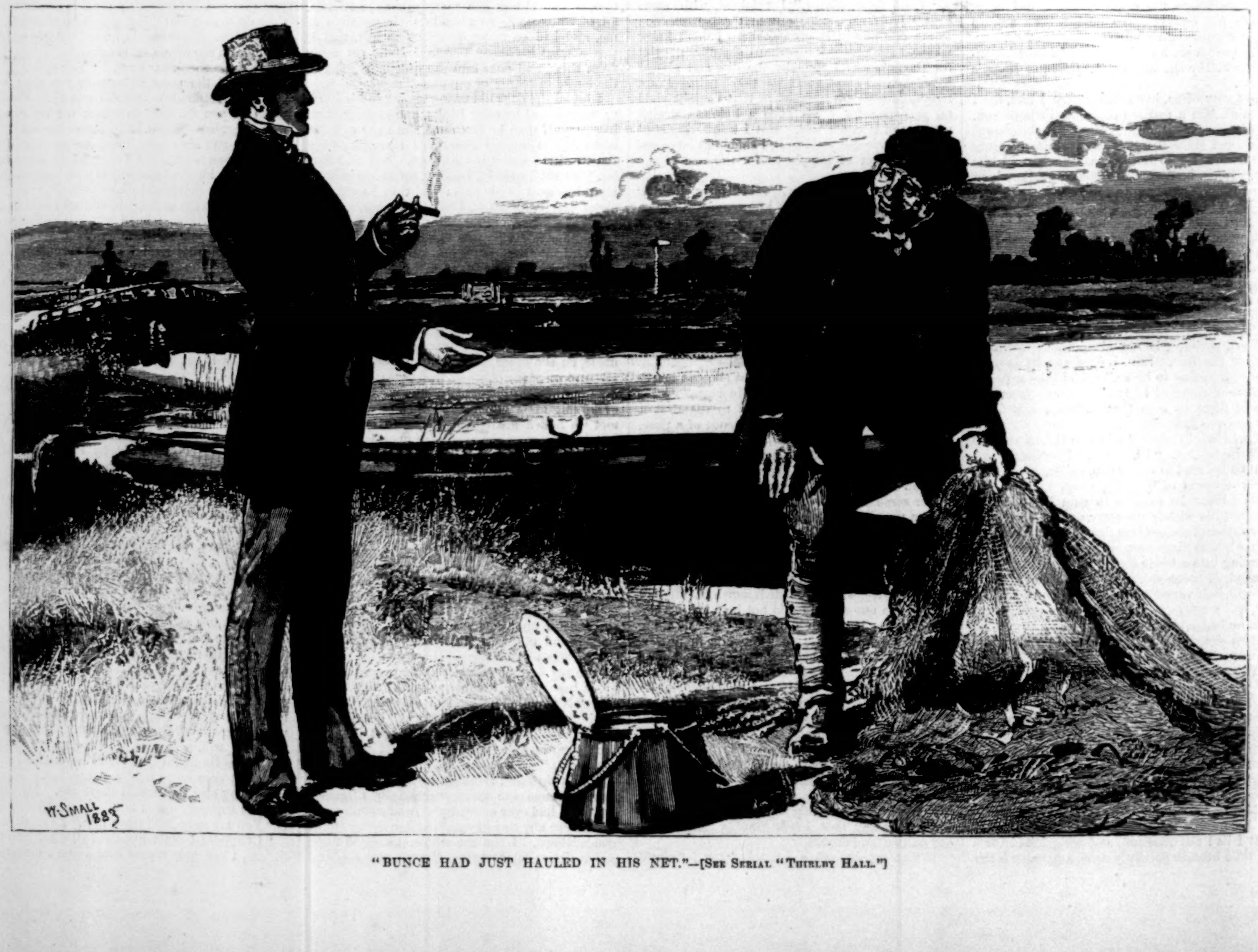
his disinterestedness. This is neither the first nor the second time that he has made efforts to approach me; probably it will not be the last. Yet he ought to know by now that I don't consider myself a free agent in the matter. I have never pretended that public distinction was an easy thing to achieve: all I have said, and still say, is that he must manage to achieve it before he can hope to set himself right in the eyes of his neighbors. Try to imagine yourself in his place. Don't you think you would have found some means of wiping out your disgrace? You would have gone to this war, for instance, upon the chance of doing something that would have made your name known to the world. I fancy that war nearly always gives such chances to brave and desperate men. In any case, you would have put yourself in the way of meeting with them."

"Perhaps I should," I agreed; "but is it quite fair to blame him for looking at things in a different manner? I don't think he is wanting in courage; but I think he has a good deal more common-sense than I have. Things that would seem natural to me would seem quite absurd to him, and—"

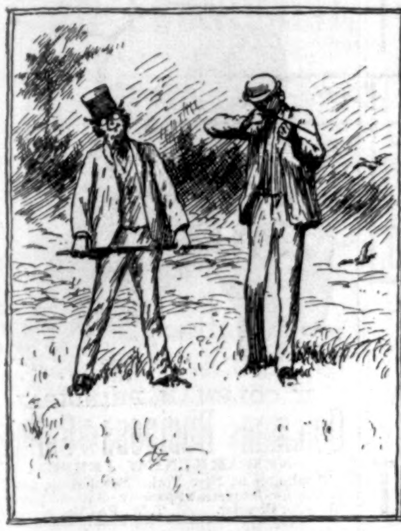
"In other words," interrupted my uncle, "he is not the man to risk his life in the hope of retrieving his honor. There, let us say no more about it. When you see him next, tell him that you have found me inexorable. He will not be surprised. My mother has taken him many such messages before this."

It was evident that persistence would be useless, and after some very unsuccessful and constrained attempts at small-talk we both went off to bed. I had at first a vague intention of telling my uncle about my own troubles, or at least of allowing a confession of them to be elicited from me; but now I thought that perhaps, after all, I would hold my peace. I had done what I had promised myself that I would do, and could at least return to London with a somewhat easier conscience, although my mission had turned out a failure. Further complications might be left for the future to unravel; and very likely my uncle would never know what havoc Lady Constance Milner had made of my life.

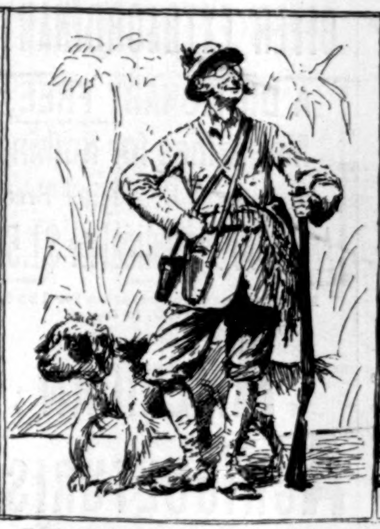
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



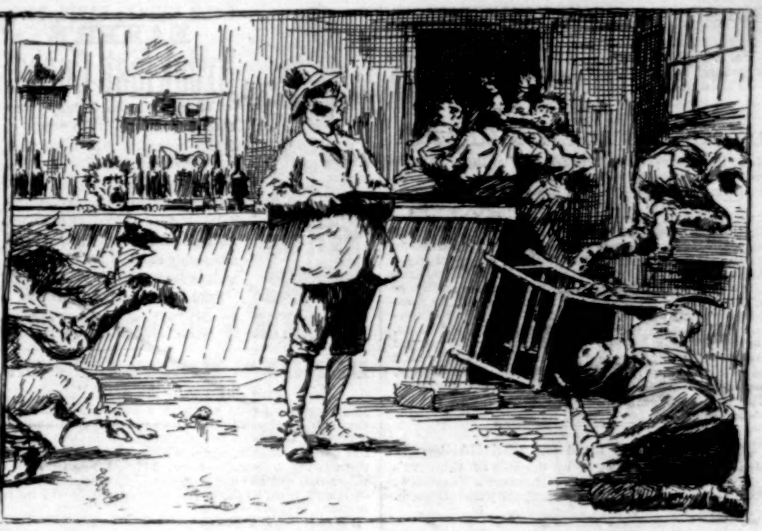
"BUNCE HAD JUST HAULED IN HIS NET."—[See Serial "Thirlby Hall."]



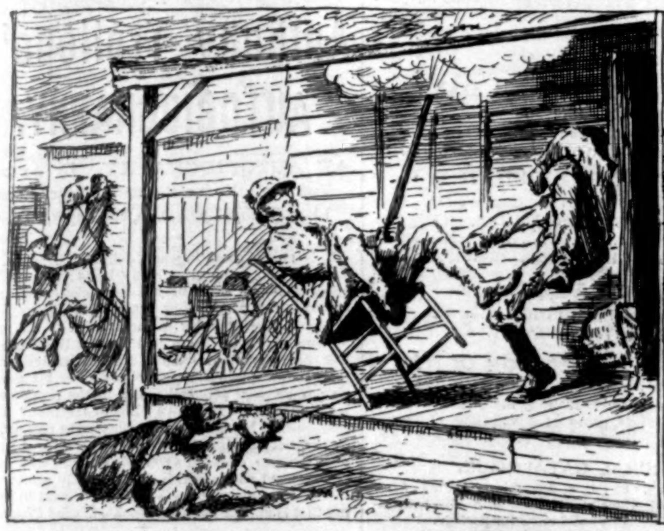
Mr. Bites, walking with his friend Wads, is much impressed by his manner of aiming his walking-stick at all the small birds that rise before them, and determines to become a sportsman.



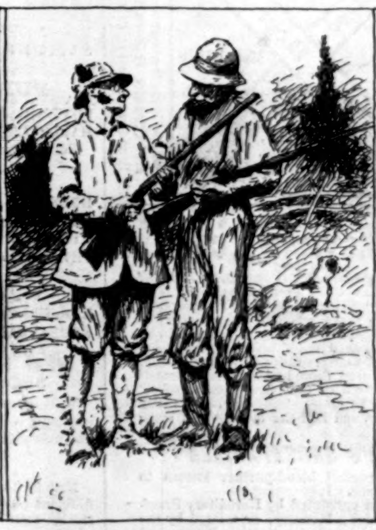
Purchases a hammerless gun (after being assured by the dealer "that a child could handle it"), and an outfit such as he has been accustomed to seeing the "sportsman" of the stage gotten up in, and has his photograph taken as a first step; not having a dog of his own, borrows a stuffed one for the occasion.



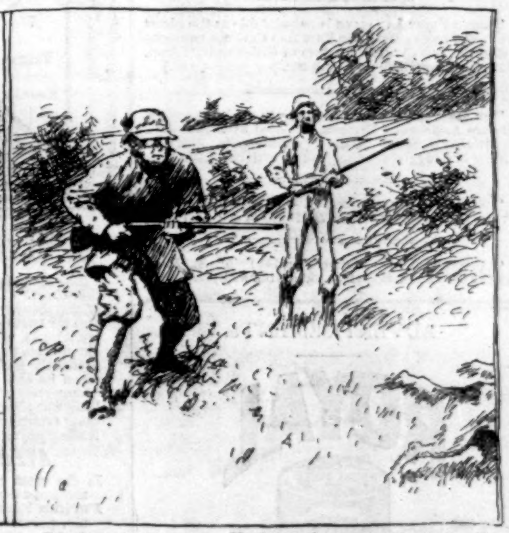
Undertakes to explain the action of the hammerless gun to a party in the bar-room of the Sportsmen's Hotel. He gets as far in his remarks as "Now, you see, this gun is loaded and cocked—" when he is quite astonished at the effect he produces.



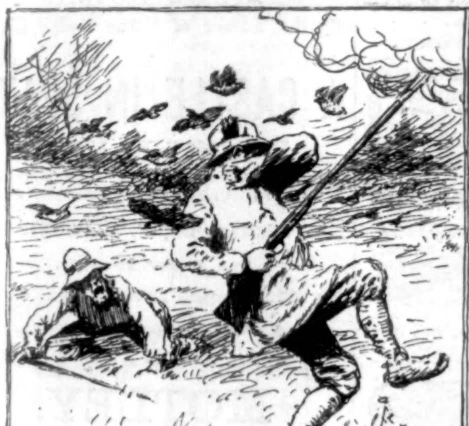
He engages a "native" and his dogs to take him out. While waiting on the porch for the wagon, tries the locks of his gun, and finds them in first-class working order.



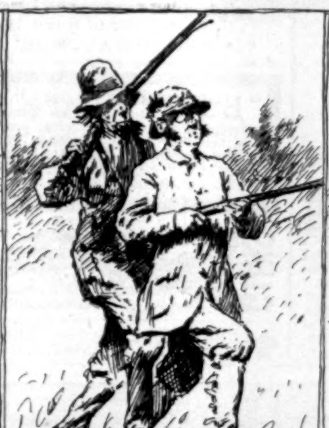
Arrived at the ground, the native puts the dogs out, and then gives Mr. Bites a few hints about managing his piece.



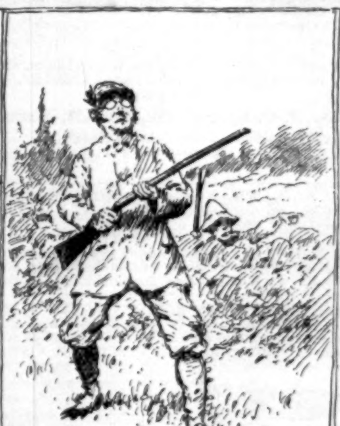
The dogs stand a covey. Mr. Bites advances on the "quarry" after the manner of the Bowery Theatre Indian on the war-path.



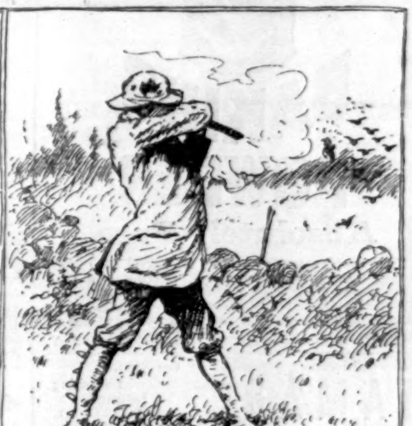
The covey doubles back in Mr. Bites's face. Not being used to such treatment, Mr. Bites is considerably alarmed. So is the native.



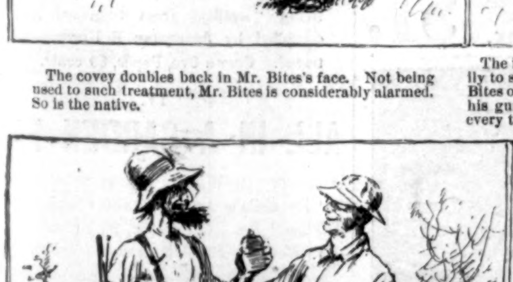
The indignant native (who has a large family to support) will consent to hunt with Mr. Bites only on the above terms—Mr. B. to keep his gun pointed straight ahead, and whistle every time he intends to turn round.



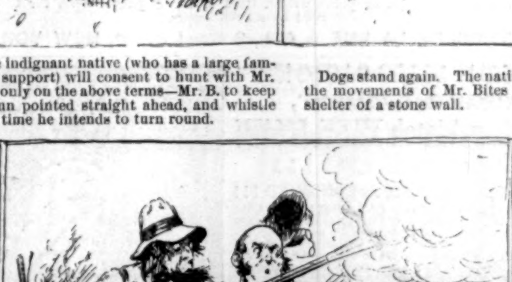
Dogs stand again. The native directs the movements of Mr. Bites from the shelter of a stone wall.



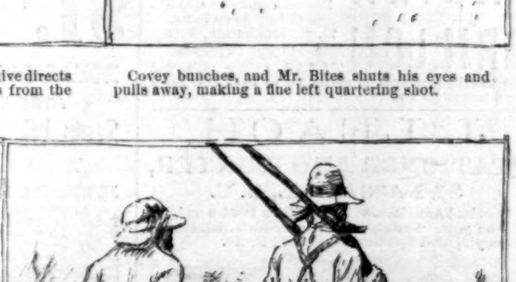
Covey bunches, and Mr. Bites shuts his eyes and pulls away, making a fine left quartering shot.



The native, hugely pleased, expresses it as his opinion that Mr. B. has been "playin' off," and is a "good un." Mr. B. tries to look confident and at home, when—



That wretched gun goes off again.



"The return of the native," accompanied by Mr. Bites.
(Mr. B., however, inwardly resolves to try it again some time.)

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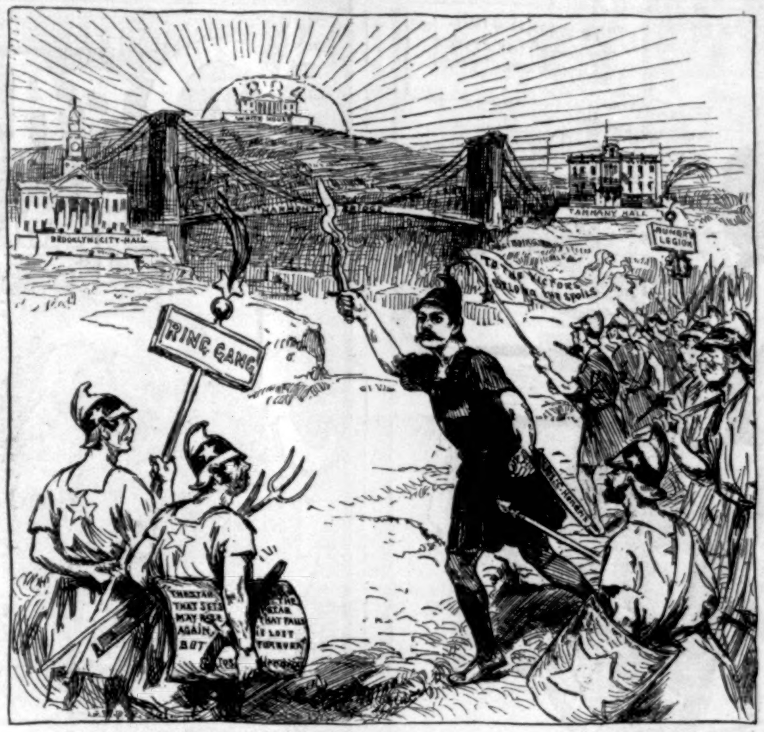

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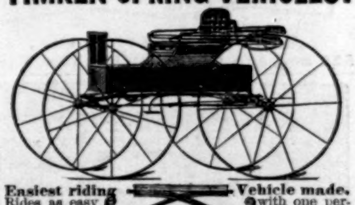

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